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Alliterative Poem on the
Deposition of King Richard II



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ALLITERATIVE² POEM

ON THE DEPOSITION OF KING RICHARD II.

RICARDI MAYDISTON

DE CONCORDIA INTER RIC. II. ET CIVITATEM LONDON.

EDITED BY THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ. M.A. F.S.A.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



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P R E F A C E.

THE following curious poem on the Deposition of Richard the Second is preserved in a paper manuscript in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, where it is known by the shelf-mark Ll. 4. 14. The MS. itself seems to be of the beginning of the 15th century, and contains, 1. a copy of *Piers Plowman* ; 2. the Poem now edited ; 3. a treatise of Arithmetic in English prose ; 4. a treatise “ of Philosophie and Astronomie *,” also in English prose ; 5. the Arguments of the Psalms, in Latin Distiches ; 6. a Collection of Latin Aphorisms turned into English verse ; 7. a Short Glossary to *Piers Plowman* ; 8. a copy of the singular Poem of *Piers of Fulham*,

* “ Here bigynneth the wyse boke of philosophie and astronomye conteyned and made of the wyseste philisophre and astromyer that evere was sythe the world ffrist bygan, that is flfor to say of the lond of Greece, flfor in that lond was an Englisshe man ffull wyse and well undirstandyng of philosophie and astronomye, studied and compylid this boke out of Grew graciously in to Englisshe.”

which was badly printed from a MS. in Trinity College Library in Hartshorne's Metrical Tales. The last four articles are in a somewhat later hand than the rest of the MS.

The poem on King Richard bears internal evidence of having been written after the time when the King fell into the hands of his enemies, and before the intention of deposing him was publicly made known. In its style it is an imitation of the popular poem of "Piers Plowman," of which it seems to have been intended as a continuation; and it possesses much of the energy and spirit which characterise so strongly that famous satire. The scribe of this unique MS. seems to have been a partizan of the opposite party, and in one instance, as I understand it, he has given vent to his indignation by writing in the margin, opposite ll. 24 to 26 of page 15 of our edition, the following note—

"Propter ingratitudinem liber hic revocatur in servititem (*sic*) ut in stimulo compunctionis et in lege civili." *

Unfortunately the copyist's prejudices got so far the master of him, that he broke off his transcript abruptly in the middle of the amusing description of

* The meaning of this note is not quite clear. I suppose *servititem* to be a pun on the word *liber*.

the famous parliament which surrendered so readily to Richard the privileges of his country, leaving a few pages blank to continue the copying of it at a future period. By this means it has happened unfortunately that the poem is come down to us only in a mutilated form.

The transcript of the Poem of Richard de Maidstone was kindly presented to the Camden Society by Sir Frederick Madden. It is preserved in one of the Digby Manuscripts, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Richard is said to have been born at Maidstone in Kent. He was afterwards Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, became a Carmelite at Aylesford, and at a later period pursued his studies in the Hostle of the Carmelites at Oxford, where he took the degree of Doctor in Theology. He was in great repute at Court, and was famous for his theological writings. The Poem now printed seems to have been the only production of his muse, and as a work of taste it does little credit to its author, for it is poorly written, and some lines sin grievously against the sage rules of Latin prosody. Richard de Maidstone died at Ailesford in 1396, and was buried there.

It has been thought advisable to add a slight popular glossary to the Alliterative Poem, in order to ren-

der it more accessible to the general reader. Like most alliterative poems, it contains several words that are not easily explained. It may be observed, that a peculiarity of the MS. is the use of the *ff* at the beginning of syllables, which has been carefully retained in the text, because I think that it may mark some local pronunciation, though I have not thought it necessary to preserve it in the glossary.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

ALLITERATIVE POEM
ON THE
DEPOSITION OF RICHARD II.

AND as I passid in my preiere ther prestis were at messe,
In a blessid borugh that Bristow is named,
In a temple of the trinite, the toun even amyddis,
That Cristis Chirche is cleped amonge the comune peple,
Sodeynly ther sourdid selcouthe thingis,
A grett wondir to wyse men, as it well myȝth,
And dowtes ffor to deme, ffor drede comynge after.
So sore were the sawis of bothe two sidis,
Of Richard that regned so riche and so noble,
That wyle he werrið be west on the wilde Yrisshe,
Henrri was entrid on the est half,
Whom all the londe loved in lengthe and in brede,
And rosse with him rapely to riȝtyn his wronge,
Ffor he shulde hem serve of the same after.
Thus tales me troblid, ffor they trewe where,

And a-marride my mynde rith moche, and my wittis eke :
Ffor it passid my parecit, and my preifis also,
How so wondirfull werkis wolde have an ende.
But in sothe whan they sembled, some dede repente,
As knowyn is in cumpas of Cristen londis,
That rewthe was, if reson ne had reffourmed
The myssecheff and the mysserule that men tho in endureid.
I had pete of his passion that prince was of Walis,
And eke oure crowned Kynge, till Crist woll no lenger ;
And as a lord to his liage, thou; I lite hade,
All myn hoole herte was his, while he in helthe regnid.
And ffor I wost not witterly what shulde fall,
Whedir God wolde ȝeve him grace sone to amende,
To be oure gioure aȝeyn, or graunte it another,
This made me to muse many tyme and ofte,
For to written him a writte, to wissen him better,
And to meuve him of mysserewle, his mynde to reffresshe,
Ffor to preise the prynce that paradise made,
To ffullfill him with ffeith, and ffortune above,
And not to grucchen a grott aȝeine Godis sonde,
But mekely to suffre what so him sente were.
And ȝif him list to loke a leef other tweyne,
That made is to mende him of his myssededis,
And to kepe him in confforte in Crist and nouȝt ellis,
I wolde be gladde that his gost myȝte glade be my wordis,
And grame if it greved him, be God that me bouȝte.
Ther nys no governour on the grounde ne sholde gye him
the better,
And every Cristen Kyng that ony grounde bereth,
So he were lerned on the langage, my lyff durst I wædde,

3if he waite well the wordis, and so werche therafter,
Ffor all is tresour of the Trinite, that turneth men to gode.
And as my body and my beste oute to be my liegis,
So rithffully be reson my rede shuld also,
Ffor to conceill, and I cou3the, my kyng and the lordis ;
And ther-ffor I ffordyd, with alle my ffyve wyttis
To traveile on this tretis, to teche men therafter
To be war of wyllffulnesse, lest wondris arise.
And if it happe to 3oure honde, beholde the book onys,
And redeth on him redely rewis an hundrid,
And if 3e sавere sum dell, se it fforth overe,
Ffor reson is no repreff, be the Rode of Chester.
And if 3e ffynde ffables or ffoly ther amonge,
Or ony fantasie y-ffeyned that no ffute is in,
Lete 3oure conceill corette it, and clerkis togedyr,
And amende that ys amysse, and make it more better :
Ffor 3it it is secrette, and so it shall lenger,
Tyll wyser wittis han waytid it overe,
That it be lore laweffull, and lusty to here.
Ffor witterly my will is that it well liked
3ou and all 3ouris, and yonge men leveste,
To be-nyme hem her noyes, that neweth hem ofte.
Ffor and they muse theron to the myddwardis,
They shall ffele ffawtis ffoure score and odde,
That youghe weneth alwey that it be witt evere.
And thou3 that elde opyn it other while amonge,
And poure on it prevyly, and preve it well after,
And constrewe ich clause with the culorum,
It shulde not apeire hem a peere, a prynce thou3 he were,
Ne harne nother hurte the hyghest of the rewme.

But to holde him in hele, and helpe all his ffrendis.
 And if any word write be that wrothe make myghte
 My sovereyne, that suget I shulde to be,
 I put me in his power, and preie him, of grace,
 To take the entent of my trouthe that thouȝte non ylle,
 Ffor to wrath no wyght be my wyll nevere,
 As my soule be saff ffrom synne at myn ende.
 The story is of non estate that stryven with her lustus,
 But tho that ffolwyn her ffleshe and here ffrelle thouȝtis;
 So if my conceyll be clere, I can saie no more,
 But ho be greved in his gost, governe him better,
 And blame not the berne that the book made,
 But the wickyd will, and the werkis after.

Now, Richard the redeles, reweth on ȝou self,
 That lawelesse leddyn ȝoure lyf and ȝoure peple bothe;
 Ffor thoru the wyles and wronge and wast in ȝoure tyme,
 ȝe were lyghtlich y-lyste ffrom that ȝou leef thouȝte,
 And ffrom ȝoure willffull werkis, ȝoure will was chaungid,
 And rafte was ȝoure riott, and rest, ffor ȝoure daieȝ
 Weren wikkid thoru ȝoure cursid counceill, ȝoure karis
 weren newed,
 And coveitise hath crasid ȝoure croune ffor evere.
 Of a-legeaunce now lerneth a lesson other tweyne
 Wherby it standith and stablithe moste,
 By dride, or be dyntis, or domes untrewe,
 Or by creaunce of coyne ffor castes of gile;
 By pillynge of ȝoure peple ȝoure prynces to plese,
 Or that ȝoure wylle were wrouȝte, thouȝ wisdom it nolde,
 Or be tallage of ȝoure townnes without ony werre,
 By rewthles routus that ryffled evere,

Be preysing of polaxis that no pete hadde,
 Or be dette ffor thi dees, deme as thu ffyndist,
 Or be ledinge of lawe with love well y-temprid.
 Though this be derklich endited ffor a dull nolle,
 Miche nede is it not to mwse theron,
 Ffor as mad as I am, thou; I litill kunne,
 I cowde it discryve in a ffewe wordys.
 Ffor legiance without love litill thinge availith,
 But graceles gestis, gylours of hem self,
 That nevere had harnesse, ne hayle schouris ;
 But walwed in her willis, ffor-weyned in here youthe,
 They sawe no manere si;th, saff solas and ese,
 And cowde no mysse amende whan mysscheff was up,
 But sorwed ffor her lustus of lordsch[i]pe they hadde,
 And nevere ffor her trespass oo tere wolde they lete.
 3e come to 3oure kyngdom er 3e 3oure self knewe,
 Crouned with a croune, that kyng under hevenc
 Mi;te not a better have bou;te, as I trowe ;
 So ffull was it filled with vertuous stones,
 With perlis of prise to punnysshe the wrongis,
 With rubies rede the ri;th for to deme,
 With gemmes and juellis joyned to-gedir,
 And pees amonge the peple ffor peyne of thi lawis.
 It was ffull goodeliche y-grave with gold al abou;te ;
 The braunchis above boren grett charge ;
 With diamauntis derne y-downtid of all
 That wroute ony wrake within or withoute ;
 With lewte and love y-loke to thi peeris,
 And sapheris swete that sou;te all wrongis,
 Y-poudride wyth pete ther it be ou;te,

And traylid with trouthe, and trefte al aboute,
Ffor ony cristen kynge a croune well y-makyd.

But where this croune bicomē, a clerk were that wuste;
But so as I can, declare it I thenke,
And nempne no name, but tho that neft were.
Ffull prevyly they pluckud thy power away,
And reden with realte ȝoure rewme thoru-oute,
And as tyrauntis of tiliers token what hem liste,
And paide hem on her pannes, whan her penyēs lacked.
Ffor non of ȝoure peple durste pleyne of here wrongis,
Ffor drede of ȝoure dukys, and of here double harmes.
Men myȝtten as well have huntȳd an hare with a tabre,
As aske ony mendis ffor that thei mysdede,
Or of ony of her men, thouȝ men wolde plete,
Ffor all was ffelawis and ffelawschepe that ȝe with fferde,
And no soule persone to punnyshe the wrongis;
And that maddid thi men, as thei nede muste.
Ffor wo they ne wuste to whom ffor to pleyne,
Ffor as it is said by elderne dawis,
Ther gromes and the goodmen beth all eliche grette,
Woll wo beth the wones, and all that woneth therin.
They ladde ȝou with love, that ȝoure lawe dradde,
To deme ȝoure dukys myssdedis, so derne thei were.
Thus was ȝoure croune crasid, till he was cast newe,
Thoru partinge of ȝoure powere to ȝoure paragals.
Thus lacehide they with laughinge, and lourid longe after,
But ffrist sawe they it not, ne youre self nother,
Ffor all was wisliche y-wrouȝte, as ȝoure witte demed,
And no ffauutis y-ffounde, tille ffortune aperid.
But had ȝoure croune be kepte, that comons it wiste,

Ther nadde morder ne mysscheff be amonge the grette.
Thus 3oure cautell to the comoune hath combred 3ou all,
That, but if God helpe, 3oure heruest is ynne.
Wytteth it not 3oure counceill, but wyte[t]h it more 3oure
self,

The ffortune that ffallyn is to ffeitheles peple,
And wayte well my wordis, and wrappe hem to-gedir,
And constrwe clergie the clause in thin herte,
Of maters that I thenke to meve ffor the best.
Ffor Kyngis and Kayseceris comynge here-after.
Whane 3e were sette in 3oure se, as a sir aughte,
Ther carpinge comynliche of conceill arisith,
The chevyteyns cheef that 3e chesse evere,
Weren all to yonge of 3eris to yeme swyche a rewme,
Other hobbis 3e hadden of Hurlewaynis kynne,
Reffusynge the reule of realles kynde.
And whane 3oure counceill I knewe, 3e come so at ones,
Ffor to leve on her lore, and be led be hem,
Ffor drede that they had of demynge ther-after,
And ffor caringe of hem self, cried on 3ou evere,
Ffor to hente hele of her owen greves,
More than ffor wurschepe that they to 3ou owed,
They made 3ou to leve that regne 3e ne myste,
Withoute busshinge adoune of all 3oure best ffrendis,
Be a ffals colour her caris to wayve,
And to holde hem in hele, if it happe my3te.
Ffor trostith rith treuly, and in no tale better,
All that they moved or mynged in the mater,
Was to be sure of hem self, and siris to ben y-callid ;
Ffor that was all her werchinge in worde and in dede.

What kynnes conceyll that the kyng had,
 Or meved him most to merke his liegis,
 Or serve hem with signes that swarmed so thikke
 Thoru-oute his lond in lengthe and in brede,
 That ho so had hobblid thoru holtes and townes,
 Or y-passid the patthis ther the prynce dwellyd,
 Or hertis or hyndis on hassellis brestis,
 Or some lordis levere that the lawe strided,
 He shulde have y-mette mo than y-nowe.
 Ffor they a-combrede the contre, and many curse servid,
 And carped to the comounes with the kyngys mouthes,
 Or with the lordis, ther they be-lefte were,
 That no renke shulde rise reson to schewe,
 They plucked the plomayle ffrom the pore skynnes,
 And schewed her signes, ffor men shulde drede
 To axe ony mendis ffor her mysdedis.
 Thus levere; overe loked þoure liegis ichonne;
 Ffor tho that had hertis on hie on her brestis
 Ffor the more partie, I may well avowe,
 They bare hem the bolder ffor her gay broches,
 And busshid with her brestis, and bare adoune the pouere,
 Lieges that loved þou the lesse ffor her yvell dedis.
 So trouthe to telle, as toune men said,
 Ffor on that þe merkyd, þe myssed ten schore
 Of homeliche hertis, that the harme hente.
 Thane was it ffoly, in ffeith as me thynketh,
 To sette silver in s'ignes that of nouȝt served.
 I not what þou eylid, but if it ese were;
 Ffor ffrist at þoure anoyntyng alle were þoure owene,
 Both hertis and hyndis, and helde of non other;

No lede of ȝoure lond, but as a liege aughte,
Ty[ll] ȝe of ȝoure dulnesse deseveraunce made,
Thoru ȝoure side signes, that shente all the browet,
And cast adoun the crokk the colys amyld.
ȝit am I lewde and litill good shewe,
To coveyte knowliche of kyngis wittis,
Or wilne to witte how was the mevyng
That ȝou to lykyng ȝoure liegis to merke,
That loved ȝou full lelly or leveres begynne,
And as redy to ride or renne at ȝoure heste,
As wyghte myghte wilne wonnyng uppon erthe,
Tyll leveres hem lette, and lordyns wrongis,
As ȝoure selfe ffonde well whane ffortune ȝou ffolwyd.
Ffor whan ȝe list to lene to ȝoure owen lymmes,
They were so ffeble and ffeynthe ffor ffauzte of ȝoure lawe,
And so ffeble and wayke wexe in the hammes,
That they had no myghte to a-mende ȝoure greves,
Ne to bere byrthen ȝoure banere to helpe.
But it longith to no liegeman his lord to anoye,
Nother in werk ne in word, but if his witt ffayle.
“No, redely,” quod reson, “that reule I alowe,
Displese not thi demer in dede ne in wordis,
But if the liste ffor to lede thi lyf in dissese.
But ȝif God have grauntyd the grace ffor to knowe
Ony manere mysscheff that myȝtte be a-mendyd,
Schewe that to thi sovereyne to schelde him ffrom harmes,
Ffor and he be blessid, the better the be-tydyth,
In tyme ffor to telle him ffor thi trewe herte.”
Now, ffor to telle trouthe, thus than me thynketh,
That no manere meyntenour shulde merkis bere,
Ne have lordis levere the lawe to apeire,

Neither bragger ne boster, ffor no bremme wordis,
But ho so had kunnyng and conscience bothe,
To stonde un-stombed and stronge in his wittis,
Lele in his levyng, levyd be his owen,
That no manere mede shulde make him wrye,
Ffor to trien a trouthe be-twynne two sidis,
And lette ffor no lordschep the lawe to susteyne,
Whane the pore pleyned that put were to wrongis.
And I were of conceill, by Crist that me bouȝte,
He shuld have a signe, and sum-what be ȝere,
Ffor to kepe his contre in quiete and in reste.
This were a good grounde, so me God helpe !
And a trewe tente to take and to ȝeve,
And ony lord of this londe that levereȝ usith.
But how the gayes han y-gon, God wotte the sothe,
Amonge myȝtfull men, alle these many ȝeris,
And whedir the grounde of ȝiste, were good other ille,
Trouthe hathe determyned the tente to the ende,
And reson hath rehersid the resceyte of all.
ȝit I trowe ȝoure en-tente at the ffirst tyme,
Was as I wene, ȝif I well thenke, in multitude of peple,
That ȝe were the more myȝtier ffor the many signes,
That ȝe and ȝoure servauntis abouȝte so thikke sowid,
And that they were more tristi and trewer than other,
To love ȝou ffor the levere that legaunce stroied,
Or ellis ffor a skylle that skathed ȝoure self,
That comounes of contre and costis abouȝte,
Sholde knowe be hir quentise that the kyng loved hem
Ffor her privy prynte passinge another.
ȝif that was ȝoure purpos, it passith my wittis

To deme discrecioun of ȝoure well doynge.
Thus were ȝe disceyved thorū ȝoure duble hertis,
That nevere weren to truste, so God save my soule !
But had the good Greehonde be not a-greyved,
But cherished as a cheffeteyne and cheff of ȝoure lese,
ȝe hadde had hertis y-nowe at ȝoure wille to go and to ride.
And also in serteayne, the sothe ffor to telle,
I wondir not hyly thouȝ heed dere thu ffailid ;
Ffor litill on ȝoure lyf the list ffor to rewe
On rascaile that rorid with ribbis so lene,
Ffor ffauȝte of her ffode that ffateris stelen,
And evere with here wylis and wast ofte they hem a-noyed,
That poverte hem prickid full prevyliche to pleyne,
But where they ne wyste, ne ho it wolde amende.
Thus ȝe derid hem un-duly with droppis of anger,
And stonyed hem with stormes that stynted nevere,
But plucked and pulled hem anon to the skynnes,
That the ffresinge ffrost ffreted to here hertis.
So whanne ȝoure hauntelere dere whore all y-takyn,
Was non of the rasskayle a-redy full growe,
To here ony bremme heed, as a best aughte,
So wyntris wedir hem wesshe with the snowis,
With many derke mystis that maddid her eyne.
Ffor well mowe ȝe wyttyn, and so mowe we all,
That harde is the somer ther sonne schyneth nevere.
ȝe ffostrid and ffodid a ffewe of the best,
And leyde on hem lordschipe, a leyne uppon other,
And be-reved the raskall that rith wolde thei hadde,
And knewe not the caris ne cursis that walkyd ;
But mesure is a meri mene, thouȝ men much yerne.

Thus be the rotus þoure raskall endurid,
Tyll the blessid bredd brodid his wingis,
To covere hem ffrom colde, as his kynde wolde.
Rith as the hous hennes uppon londe hacchen,
And cherichen her chekonys ffrom chele of the wynter,
Ryth so the hende Egle the eyere of hem all,
Hasteth him in hervest to hovyn his bryddis,
And besieth him besely to bredden hem ffeedrin,
Tyll her ffre ffeedris be ffulliche y-pynned,
That they have wynges at her wyll to wonne uppon hille,
Ffor venym on the valeye hadde fflowle with hem ffare,
Tyll trouthe the triacle telde somme her sothes.
Thus baterid this bred on bussches abouȝte,
And gaderid gomes on grene ther as they walkyd,
That all the schroff and schroup sondrid ffrom other.
He mellid so the matall with the hand molde,
That lost lemes the levest that they had.
Thus fflowlyd this fflaukyn on ffylde abouȝte,
And cauȝte of the kuyttis a cartfull at ones,
That rentis and robis with rabeyn evere lauȝte.
ȝit was not the ffawcon ffull ffeed at his likynge,
Ffor it cam him not of kynde kytes to love.
Than bated he boldeliche, as a brid wolde,
To plewme on his pray the pol ffrom the nekk;
But the blernyed boynard that his bagg stall,
Where purraile is pulter was pynnyd ffull ofte,
Made the ffawcon to floter and flusshe ffor anger,
That the boy hadd be bounde that the bagge kepte.
But sone ther after in a schorte tyme,
As ffortune ffolwith ech ffode till his ende,

This lorell that hadde this loby away
 Overe flirthe and fforde, ffor his ffals dedis,
 Lyghte on the lordschepe that to the brid longid,
 And was ffelliche y-lauȝte and luggid ffull ylle,
 And brouȝte to the brydd, and his blames rehersed
 Prevyly at the parlement amonge all the peple.
 Thus hawkyd this Egle, and hoked above,
 That, as God wolde that governeth all thingis,
 Ther nas kyte ne krowe that kareyne hantid,
 That he ne with his lynage ne lovyd ffull sone.
 Ffor wher so they fferde, be ffryth or be woves,
 Was non of hem all that him hide myȝth,
 But cam with him a re-clayme ffro costi abouȝte,
 And ffell with her ffetheris fflat uppon the erthe,
 As madde of her mynde, and mercy be-souȝte,
 They myȝte not aschonne the sorowe they had served.
 So lymed leves were leyde allabouȝte,
 And panteris prevyliche pight uppon the grounde,
 With grennes of good heere that God him self made,
 That where so they walkid they waltrid dounwardis,
 And evere hoked the Egle on hie on the skyes,
 And kenned clerliche, as his kynde axith,
 Alle the prevy poyntis that the pies wrouȝth.

Passus Tertius.

Now leve we this beu brid, till I restore,
 Ffor mater that my mynde is meved in now,
 That whi the hie hertis her hele so mysside,
 That pasture axid rith to here pure wombis;
 I wolle schewe as I sawe, till I se better,

And if I walke out of the wey, I wolle me repente.
Now herkeneth, hende men, how that me thynkyth,
Savynge sovereynes and sages avyse,
That the moste myscheff uppon molde on
Is demed the dede y-do aȝeins kynde.
ȝit clereth this clause no thinge my wittis,
Without more mater, what it mene wolde.
I mene of the hertis that hauteesse of ȝeris,
That pasture prikkyth, and her prevy age,
Whan they han hoblid on the holte an hundrid of ȝeris,
That they ffeblen in ffeisshe, in ffelle and in bonis :
Her kynde is to kevere, if they cacche myȝth,
Adders that [h]armen alle hende bestis,
Thoru busschis and bromes this beste of his kynde
Secheth and sercheth tho schrewed wormes,
That steleth on the stedes to styngge hem to deth ;
And whanne it happeth the herte to hente the edder,
He puttyth him to peyne, as his pray asketh,
And ffedith him on the venym, his ffelle to a-newe,
To leve at more lykyngge a longe tyme after.
This is clergie hir kynde, coltis [nat] to greve,
Ne to hurle with haras, ne hors well a-tamed,
Ne to stryve with swan, thouȝ it sholle werre,
Ne to bayten on the bere, ne bynde him nother,
Ne to wilne to woo that were hem ny sibbe,
Ne to liste ffor to loke that her a-lie bledde ;
This was aȝeins kynde, as clerkis me tolde :
And therffor the hertis hire hele so myssid,
And myȝte nat passe the poynte of her prime age.

Now constrew ho so kunne, I can saie no more,
But flare I wolle to the fflowle that I be-ffore tolde.

Off all billid breddis that the bough spareth,
The propirte of partriche to preise me lustith,
That in the somer seson, whanne sittinge nyeth,
That ich fflowle with his ffere ffolwith his kynde,
This brid be a bank bildith his nest,
And heipeth his heires, and hetith hem after.
And whane the dame hath y-do that to the dede longith,
And hopith ffor to hacche or hervest begynne,
Thanne cometh ther a cougioun, with a grey cote,
As not of his nolle, as he the nest made,
Another proud partriche, and precyth to the nest,
And prevelyche pirith till the dame passe,
And sesith on hir sete, with hir softe plumes,
And hoveth the eyren that the hue laide,
And with hir corps kevereth hem till that they kenne,
And ffostrith and ffodith, till ffedris schewe,
And cotis of kynde hem kevere all abouzte.
But as sone as they styffe, and that they steppe kunne,
Than cometh and crieth her owen kynde dame,
And they ffolwith the vois, at the ffrist note,
And levethe the lurker that hem er ladde,
Ffor the schrewe schrapid to selde ffor her wombis,
That her lendys were lene, and leved with hunger.
But than the dewe dame dineth hem swythe,
And ffostrith hem fforthe till they ffle kunne.
“ What is this to mene, man,” maiste thu axe,
“ Ffor it is derklich ended ffor a dull panne ;

Wherfore I wilne, ȝif it thi will were,
 The partriche propurtes by whom that thu menest."
 A! hicke hevyheed! hard is thi nolle,
 To cacche ony kunnyng, but cautell bigynne :
 Herdist thu not with eeris how that I er tellde,
 How the Egle in the est entrid his owene,
 And cried and clepid after his owen kynde briddis,
 That weren a-noyed in his nest, and norished full ille,
 And well ny y-worewid with a wronge leder?
 But the nedy nestlingis, whan they the note herde
 Of the [h]ende Egle, the heyer of hem all,
 They busked ffro the busches and breris that hem noyed,
 And burnisched her beekis, and bent to him-wardis,
 And ffolowid him ffersly to ffighte ffor the wrongis ;
 They bablid with her billis how thei bete were,
 And tenyd with twiggis two and twenty ȝeris.
 Thus lafte they the leder that hem wrong ladde,
 And tymed no twynte, but tolled her cornes,
 And gaderid the grotus with gyle, as I trowe,
 Than ffolwid they her ffre ffader, as good ffeith wolde,
 That he hem ffede shulde, and ffostre fforth,er,
 And bringe hem out of bondage, that they were brouȝth
 inne.

Thanne sighed the swymmers, ffor the Swan flailid,
 And ffolwid this ffaucon thoru ffeldus and tounes,
 With many ffaire ffoole, thouȝ they ffeynte were,
 And hevy ffor the hirte that the Hors hadde.
 ȝit they fferkyd hem fforth as ffaste as they myȝte,
 To have the Egles helpe of harme that they hadde ;
 Ffor he was heed of hem all, and hieste of kynde,

To kepe the croune, as cronecle tellith.
He blythid the Beere, and his broud braste,
And lete him go at large to lepe where he wolde.
But tho all the berlingis brast out at ones,
As ffayne was the ffoule that flieth on the skyes
That bosse was unbounde and brouete to his owene.
They gaderid hem to-gedir on a grette rouzte,
To helpe the heeris that had many wrongis ;
They gaglide fforth on the grene, ffor they greved were,
That her ffrendis were ffalle thoru ffelouns castis.
They mornyd ffor the morthir of manffull knyztis,
That many a styff storme with-stode ffor the comuncs ;
The[y] mouside the marchall ffor his myssedede,
That evell coude his craft, whan he cloped the Stede.
And evere as they ffolwide this ffaucoun abouzte,
At iche mevinge ffotte, venyaunce they asked
On all that assentid to that synfull dede.

A-rere now to Richard, and reste here a while,
Ffor a prevy poynt that persith my wittis,
Of ffauutis I ffynde that ffirst dede engendre
Cursidnesse and combraunce amonge the yonge lordis,
And the wikkid werchinge that walmed in her daies,
And 3it woll here after, but wisdome it lette.
That were a lord of lond that lawe hathe in honde,
That to lyghtliche leveth, or lewte apere,
The tale of a triffLOUR in turmentours wede,
That nevere reed good rewle, ne resons bookis ;
Ffor ben they rayed a-rith they recchith no fforthir,
But studieth all in strountynge, and stireth amys evere ;
Ffor all his witte in his wede ys wrappid ffior-sothe,

More than in mater to a-mende the peple that ben mys-led.
Ffor I say ffor my self, and schewe, as me thynnthith,
That ho is riall of his ray, that light reede him ffolwith,
;it swiche ffresshe floodis beth ffeet in to chambris,
And ffor her dignesse en-dauntid of dullisshe nollis.
And if thu well waite of no wight ellis,
Than waite mo wayes how the while turneth,
With gyuleris joyffull ffor here gery jaces,
And ffor her wedis so wyde wise beth y-holde ;
They casteth hem to creaunce the courte ffor to plese,
And hopen to be hied in hast yif they my;the
Thoru swiche stif strountynge that stroyeth the rewme ;
But here wey is all wronge ther wisdom is ynned,
But they lepith als lyghly, at the longe goynge,
Out of the domes carte, as he that throff nevere.
For they kepeth no coyne that cometh to here hondis,
But chaunchyth it ffor cheynes that in Chepe hangith,
And settith all her silver in seimtis and hornes,
And ffor-doth the coyne, and many other craftis,
And maketh the peple ffor pens-lac in pointe ffor to wepe,
And ;it they beth y-take fforth, and her tale leved,
And ffor her newe nysete nexte to the lordis.
Now be the lawe of Lydfford, in londe ne in water,
Thilke lewde ladde ou;te evyll to thryve,
That hongith on his hippis more than he wynneth,
And dou;teth no dette, so dukis hem preise,
But beggith and borwith of burgeis in tounes
Ffurris of ffoyne and other ffelle whare,
And not the better of a bene, thou; they boru evere.
And but if the slevis slide on the erthe,

Thei woll be wroth as the wynde, and warie hem that it
made ;

And ȝif it were elbowis a-down to the helis,
Or passinge the knee, it was not accounted ;
And if Pernell preisid the plytis bihynde,
The costis were a-countid, paye whan he myȝth.
The leesinge so likyde ladies and other,
That they joied of the jette, and gyside hem ther-under ;
And if Ffelice ffonde ony ffaute thenne of the makynge,
Yt was y-sent sone to shape of the newe.
But now ther is a gyse, the queyntest of all,
A wondir coriouse crafte, y-come now late,
That men clepith kerving the clothe all to pecis,
That sevene goode sowers sixe wekes after
Moun not sett the seemes, ne sewe hem aȝeyn.
But ther is a pr[o]ffith in that pride, that I preise evere,
Ffor thei ffor the pesinge paieth pens ten duble
That the clothe costened, the craft is so dere.
Now if I sothe shall saie, and shonne side tales,
Ther is as moche good witte in swyche gomes nollis,
As thu shuldist mete of a myst ffro morwe tyll even.
ȝit blame I no burne to be, as him ouȝte,
In comliche clothinge, as his statt axith ;
But to ledyn her lust all here lyff daies
In quentise of clothinge, ffor to queme sir Pride,
And evere more strontynge, and no store kepe,
And iche day a newe devyse, it dullith my wittis
That ony lord of a lond shulde leve swiche thingis,
Or clepe to his conceill swiche manere cotis,
That loveth more her lustis than the lore of oure lord.

And if a lord his levere lyste ffor to ȝeve,
 Ther may no gome ffor goodnesse gette ther-of but lite,
 Ffor curtesie, ffor comlynesse, ne ffor his kynde herte,
 But rather ffor his rancour and rennyng overe peple,
 Ffor braggynge and ffor bostynge, and beringe uppon oilles,
 Ffor cursidnes of conscience and comynge to the assizes.
 This makyth men mysdo more than ouȝte ellis,
 And to stronte and to stare, and stryve aȝeyn vertu.
 So clergie the cause comsith in grette,
 Of all manere mysscheff that men here usyn.
 Ffor wolde they blame the burnes that brouȝte newe gysis,
 And dryve out the dagges and all the Duche cotis,
 And sette hem a-side, and scorte of hem telle,
 And lete hem pleye in the porche, and presse non ynnere,
 Ne no proude peniles with his peynthe sleve ;
 And eke repreve robbers and riffleris of peple,
 Filateris and ffals men that no ffeith useth,
 And alle deabolik doeris dispise hem ichone,
 And coile out the knyȝtys that knowe well hem self,
 That were sad of her sawis, and suffre well coude,
 And had traveilid in her tyme and temprid hem self,
 And cherliche cheriche hem, as cheff in the halle,
 Ffor to ordeyne officeris and all other thyngis ;
 Men shuld wete in a while that the world wolde a-mende,
 So vertue wolde flowe whan viciis were ebbid.
 But now to the mater that I be-flore meved,
 Of the gomes so gay that grace hadde affendid,
 And how stille that steddeffaste stode amonge this reccheles
 peple,
 That had a-willed his wyll as wisdom him taughte :

Ffor he drough him to an herne at the halle ende,
Well homelich y-helid in an holsume gyse,
Not overe-lenge, but ordeyned in the olde schappe,
With grette browis y-bente, and a berde eke,
And y-wounde in his wedis as the wedir axith ;
He wondrid in his wittis ; as he will myȝthe,
That the hie housinge herborowe ne myghte
Half-dell the houshoulde, but hailes hem helped ;
But ffor crafte that he coude caste thenne or be-thenke,
He myȝte not wonne in the wones, ffor witt that he usid,
But a-routtid ffor his ray, and rebuked ofte,
He had leve of the lord, and of ladies alle,
Ffor his good governaunce, to go or he drank.
Ther was non of the mene, that they ne merveilid moche,
How he cam to the courte, and was not y-knowe ;
But als sone as they wiste that Witt was his name,
And that the kyng knewe him not, ne non of his knyȝtis,
He was halowid and y-huntid, and y-hotte trusse,
And his dwellinge y-demed a bowe drawte ffrom hem,
And ich man y-charchid to schoppe at his croune
ȝif he nyhed hem ony nere than they had him nempned.
The portir with his pikis tho put him uttere,
And warned him the wickett while the wacche durid :
“ Lete sle him ! ” quod the sleeves that slode uppon the erthe,
And alle the berdles burnes bayed on him evere,
And schorned him for his slaveyn was of the olde schappe.
Thus Malaperte was myȝtffull and maister of hous,
And evere wandrid Wisdom without the ȝatis.
“ By him that wrouȝte this world ! ” quod Wisdom in wrath,
“ But ȝif ȝe woll sumtyme I walke in amonge ȝou,
I shall ffor-bede ȝou burnesse, the best on this erthe,

That is governance of gettinge, and grace that him ffolowith ;
Ffor these two trewly twynned ȝet nevere.”
And so it fell on hem, in fleith, ffor ffauȝtis that they usid,
That her grace was a-goo, ffor grucchinge chere,
Ffor the wronge that they wrouȝte to Wisdom affore.
Ffor tristith als trewly as tyllinge us helpeth,
That iche rewme undir roff of the reyne-bowe
Sholde stable and stonde be these thre degres :
By governaunce of grete and of good age ;
By styffnesse and strengthe of steeris well y-yokyd,
That beth myȝthffull men, of the mydill age ;
And be laboreris of lond, that lyfflode ne ffayle.
Thanne wolde reule, if reson where amongis us,
That ich leode lokide what longid to his age,
And nevere ffor to passe more oo poynt fforther,
To usurpe the service that to sages bi-longith,
To be-come conselleris er they kunne rede,
In schenshepe of sovereynes, and shame at the last.
Ffor it ffallith as well to ffodis of xxiiij ȝeris,
Or yonge men of yistirday, to ȝeve good redis,
As be-cometh a kow to hoppe in a cage.
It is not un-knownen to kunnyng leodis,
That rewlers of rewmes a-round all the erthe
Were not y-ffoundid, at the ffrist tyme,
To leve al at likyng and lust of the world,
But to laboure on the lawe, as lewde men on plowes,
And to merke meyntenourȝ with maces ichonne,
And to strie stronteris that stered a-ȝeine rithis,
And alle the myssedoers that they myȝte ffynde,
To put hem in preson, a peere thouȝ he were ;

And to rewle as reremys, and rest on the daies,
And spende of the spicerie more than it nedid,
Bothe wexe and wyn, in wast all abouȝte,
With deyntis y-doublid, and daunsinge to pipis,
In myrthe with moppis, myrroures of synne.
ȝit ffor-bede I no burne to be blithe sum while ;
But all thinge hath tyme, ffor to tempre glee :
Ffor caste all the countis that the kyng holdith,
And loke how these lordis loggen hem self,
And evere shall thu ffynde, as ffer as thu walkiste,
What wisdom and over-waeche wonneth ffer asundre ;
But whane the governaunce goth thus with tho the hous gie
shulde,

And letith lyghte of the lawe, and lesse of the peple,
And herkeneth all to honour, and to esc eke,
And that ich wyght with his wittes waite on him evere,
To do hem reverence a-right, thouȝ the rigge brest,
This warmnesse in welth, with wy uppon erthe,
Myȝte not longe dure, as doctourȝ us tellith.
Ffor ho so thus leved his lyff to the ende,
Evere wrappid in welle, and with no wo mette,
Myȝte saie that he sawe that seie was nevere,
That hevene were un-honge out of the hookis,
And were boun at his bidding, ȝif it be myȝte.
But clerkis kne[w] I nou ȝete that so coude rede
In bokis y-bounde, thouȝ ȝe brouȝte alle,
That ony wy welldith wonnyng uppon erthe,
Ffor in well and in woo the world evere turneth,
ȝit ther is kew kaw, thouȝ he come late,
A new thing that noyeth nedy men and other,

Whanne realles remeveth, and ridith thoru tounes,
 And carieth overe contre ther comunes dwelleth,
 To preson the pillour; that overe the pore renneth,
 For that were evene in her weye, if they well ride.
 But jit ther is a ffoule ffauzte that I ffynde ofte,
 They prien affter presentis or pleyntis ben y-clepid,
 And abateth all the billis of tho that nouȝth bringith;
 And ho so grucche or grone aȝeins her grette willes,
 May lese her lyff lyghtly, and no lesse weddis.
 Thus is the lawe lonyd, thoru myȝhty lordis willys,
 That meyneteyne myssdoers more than other peple;
 Ffor mayntenaunce many day, well more is the reuthe!
 Hath y-had mo men at mete and at melis
 Than ony cristen kynge that ȝe knewe evere.
 Ffor as reson and rith rehersid to me ones,
 Tho ben men of this molde that most harme worchen;
 Ffor chyders of Chester where chose many daies
 To ben of conceill ffor causis that in the court hangid,
 And pledid pipondris, alle manere pleyntis.
 They cared ffor no coyffes that men of court usyn,
 But meved many maters that man never thouȝte,
 And ffeyned ffalshed till they a ffyne had,
 And knewe no manere cause, as comunes tolde,
 Thei had non other signe to schewe the lawe
 But a prevy pallette her pannes to kepe,
 To hille here lewde heed in stede of an hone.
 They constrewed quarellis to quenche the peple,
 And pletid with pollaxis and poyntis of swerdis,
 And at the dome ȝevynge drowe out the bladis,
 And lente men levere of her longe battis.

They lacked alle vertues that a juche shulde have ;
 Ffor, er a tale were y-tolde, they wolde trie the harmes,
 Without ony answere, but ho his lyf hatid,
 And ho so pleynd to the prince that pees shulde kepe,
 Of these mystir-men, medlers of wrongis,
 He was lygh[t]liche y-lauzte, and y-luggyd of many,
 And y-mummyd on the mouthe, and manaced to the deth.
 They leid on thi leigis, Richard, lasshis y-nowe,
 And drede nevere a dele the dome of the lawe.
 Ther nas rial of the rewme that hem durste rebuke,
 Ne juche ne justice that jewis durste hem deme,
 Ffor oute that thei toke or trespassid to the peple.
 This was a wondir world, ho so well lokyd,
 That gromes overe-grewe so many grette maistris ;
 Ffor this was the rewle in this rewme, while they here regnyd.
 Thou; I satte sevenenyght, and slepte full selde,
 Of many mo wrongis than I write coude ;
 Ffor selde were the serigauntis souzte ffor to plete,
 Or ony prentise of courte preied of his wittis,
 The while the Dogonys domes weren so endauntid.
 Tille oure sire in his see, above the vij^{ne} steris,
 Sawe the many myssehevys that these men dede,
 And no mendis y-made, but menteyne it evere,
 Of him that was hiest y-holde [for] to kepe
 His liegis in lawe, and so her love gette.
 He sente ffor his servantis, that sembled many,
 Of baronys and baccheleris, with many briȝth helmes,
 With the comunes the contres they cam all at ones,
 And, as a duke douȝty in dedis of armes,
 In full reall a-ray he rood uppon hem evere,

Tyll Degon and Dobyn, that mennys doris brastyn,
 And were y-dubbid of a duke ffor her while domes,
 And a-wakyd ffor wecchis and wast that they usid,
 And ffor her breme blastis buffettis henten.
 Than gan it to calme and clere all abouȝte,
 That iche man myȝte, ho so mynde hadde,
 Se be the sonne, that so briȝte schewed,
 The mone at the mydday meve and the steris,
 Ffolwinge ffelouns ffor her ffalse dedis,
 Devourours of vetaile that ffouȝten er thei paid.

Passus quartus.

Ffor where was evere ony cristen kyng, that ȝe evere knewe,
 That helde swiche an household be the half-delle
 As Richard in this rewme, thoru myse-rule of other,
 That alle his ffynys ffor ffauȝtis, ne his ffee ffermes,
 Ne ffor-ffeyturis ffele that ffele in his daies,
 Ne the nownagis that newed him evere,
 As Marche and Moubray, and many mo other,
 Ne alle the issues of court that to the kyng longid,
 Ne sellynge that sowkid silver rith ffaste,
 Ne alle the prophete of the lond that the prince owed,
 Whane the countis were caste, with the custum of wullus,
 Myȝte not a-reche, ne his rent nother,
 To paie the pore peple that his purvyours toke,
 Withoute preiere at a parlement, a poundage biside,
 And a ffiteneth and a dyme eke,
 And withall the custum of the clothe that cometh to ffayres,
 And ȝet ne had creaunce i-come at the last ende,
 With the comunes curse that cleved on hem evere,

They had be drawe to the devyll ffor dette that they owed.
And whanne the reot and the reevell the rent thus passid,
And no thing y-lafte but the bare baggis,
Than ffele it a-fforse to ffile hem aȝeyne,
And ffeyned sum ffolie, that ffailid hem never,
And cast it be colis, with her conceill at evene,
To have prevy parlement for propffitt of hem self,
And lete write writtis all in wex closid,
Ffor peeris and prelatis, that thei a-pere shuld,
And sente side sondis to schrevys a-bouȝte,
To chese swiche chevalleris as the charge wold,
To schewe ffor the schire in company with the grete.
And whanne it drowe to the day of the dede doynge,
That sovereynes were semblid, and the schire knyȝtis,
Than as her fforme is, ffrist they begynne to declare
The cause of her comynge, and than the kyngis will.
Comliche a clerk than comsid the wordis,
And pronouncid the poyntis aparte to hem alle,
And meved ffor mony more than ffor out ellis,
In glosinge of grette, lest greyves arise.
And whanne the tale was tolde anon to the ende,
A-morwe thei must, a-ffore mete, mete to-gedir,
The knyȝtis of the comunete, and carpe of the maters,
With citiseyns of shiris y-sent ffor the same,
To reherse the articlis and graunte all her askynge.
But ȝit ffor the manere, to make men blynde,
Somme argued aȝein rith then a good while,
And said, “ We beth servauntis and sallere ffrongen,
And y-sente ffro the shiris to shewe what hem greveth,
And to parle ffor her prophete, and passe no fferthere,

And to graunte of her gold to the grett wattis
By no manere wronge way, but if werre were ;
And if we ben ffals to tho us here ffyndyth,
Evyll be we worthy to welden oure hire.”
Than satte summe, as siphre doth in awgrym,
That noteth a place, and no thing availith ;
And some had y-soupid with Symond overe even,
And schewed ffor the shire, and here schew lost ;
And somme were tituleris, and to the kyng wente,
And fformed him of foos, that good ffrendis weren,
That bablid ffor the best and no blame served,
Of kynge ne conceill, ne of the comunes nother,
Ho so toke good kepe to the culorum ;
And somme slombrid and slepte, and said but a lite ;
And somme mafflid with the mouth, and nyst what they
ment ;
And somme had hire, and helde ther-with evere,
And wolde no fforthar a ffoot, ffor ffer of her maistris ;
And some were so soleyne, and sad of her wittis,
That er they come to the clos a-combred they were,
That thei the conclucioun than constrewe ne couthe
No burne of the benche, of borowe nother ellis,
So blynde and so ballid and bare was the reson ;
And somme were so ffers at the ffrist come,
That they bente on a bouet, and bare a topte saile
A-ffor the wynde ffresshely, to make a good ffare.
Than lay the lordis a-lee with laste and with charge,
And bare a-bouzte the barge, and blamed the maister,
That knewe not the kynde cours that to the crafte longid,
And warned him wisely of the wedir side.

Thanne the maste in the myddis, at the monthc ende,
Bowid ffor brestynge, and brouȝte hem to lond;
Ffor ne had thei striked a strake, and sterid hem the better,
And a-bated a bouet, or the blast come,
They had be throwe overe the borde, backwarde ichonne.
And some were a-combrid with the conceill be-ffore,
And wiste well y-now how it sholde ende,
Or some of the semble shulde repente.
Some helde with the mo, how it evere wente,
And somme dede rith so, and wolld go no fforthir;
Some parled as perte, as provyd well after,
And clappid more ffor the coyne that the kyng owen hem,
Thanne ffor comfforte of the comyne that her cost paied,
And were be-hote hansell, if they helpe wolde,
To be servyd sekirly of the same silvere;
And some dradde dukis, and Dowell ffor-soke

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RICHARDI MAYDISTON

DE

CONCORDIA

INTER REGEM RIC. II. ET CIVITATEM LONDON.

TULLIUS in laudem tantam sustollit amicos,
Quod licet, hiis demptis, optima nil valeant :
' Stes,' ait, ' in cœlis, videas ibi quæque beata,
Hauriat auris in hiis utraque dulce melos,
Quicquid adhuc sensus poterit tibi pascere quinos
Nil valet acceptum, si nec amicus adest.
Si careas socio, cui sata placentia narres,
Hæc eadem senties non placuisse tibi.'
Hinc tibi, Ricarde, duplante jugo mihi juncte,
(Nomen et omen habes, sic socius meus es)
Gaudia visa mihi Trenovantum nuper in urbe,
Actus amicitia glisco referre modo.
Et licet incultum carmen tibi condere curem,
Parce precor curæ, parcere debet amor.

.M. cape, ter quoque .C. deciesque novem, duo junge,
Hunc numerum anni supputo dando notis.
Tunc bis ter Phœbo fuerat soror associata.
Cum bona felici sunt, Nova Troja, tibi.
Mensis ut Augusti ter septima fulsit in orbem
Lux, tibi, Londoniæ, rumor amœnus adest.
Namque tuum Regem, sponsum, dominumque tuumque,
Quem tibi sustulerat perfida lingua, capis.
Invidiosa cohors Regem tibi vertit in iram,
Desereret thalamum sponsus ut ipse suum.
Sed quia totus amor tuus est, et amantis ymago
Formosior Paride, nescit odisse diu.
Adde quod in miseros semper solet hic misereri,
Nec habet ultrices Rex pius iste manus.
Quot mala, quot mortes tenero sit passus ab ævo,
Quamque sit inultus, Anglia tota videt.
Quid cupit hic servire Deo, nisi semper et esse
Pacificum, lætum, nilque perire bonum.
Sic fovet ecclesiam statuens statuum moderamen,
Sternere ne liceat quod statuere patres.
Effugat ingratos, cupidos, stolidos, truculentos,
Quæque decent Regem hæc rapit ipse sibi.
Talis adolescens toto non restat in orbe,
Qui sciat ut Salomon regna tenere sua.
Hic licet accensus foret in te, Troja, parumper,
Grata modo facies se docet esse piam.
Non poterat mordax detractans lingua tenere,
Quin cuperet thalamum sponsus adire suum.
Qui libertates solitas tibi dempserat omnes,
Nunc redit, et plures reddere promptus eas.

Hic præparat se Civitas in occursum Regis.

Urbis Custodem miles quem Rex ibi signat,
Alloquitur cives sic, rutilante die :
“ Regis in occursum vestri vos este parati,
Percipiatque palam quam bene nunc veniat.
Totius ecclesiæ fiat processio cleri,
Omnis et ordo suas se ferat ante cruces.
Nulla sit Ars urbis, quæ non distincta seorsum
Splendidius solito trans vada vadat eques.
Quicquid in urbe probum fuerit promatur, in ista
Nam gaudete die, pax tribuetur,” ait.
Hiis animata loquelis tota cohors sociatur,
Præparat et cultu se meliore suo.
Ornat et interea se pulcre quæque platea,
Vestibus auratis urbs micat innumeris.
Floris odoriferi specie fragrante platea,
Pendula perque domos purpura nulla deest ;
Aurea, coccinea, bissinaque, tinctaque vestis,
Pinxerat hic cælum arte juvante novum.
Quos tulit ante dies istos plebs ista labores,
Quas tulit expensas, os reserare nequit.
Quid moror, ecce dies transit ! properatur ab urbe
Regis in occursum conjugis atque suæ.
Quis numerare queat numerum turbæ numerosæ,
Quæ velut astra poli densius inde fluit ?
Millia viginti juvenes numerantur equestres ;
Qui pedibus pergunt, non capit hos numerus.
Custos præcedit, comitantur eumque quater sex,
Quos Aldirmannos urbs habet ut proceres.

Jure senatorio urbs hiis regitur quasi Roma,
 Hiisque præest Major, quem populus legerit.
 Hiis erat ornatus albus color et rubicundus,
 Hos partita toga segregat a reliquis.
 Clavibus assumptis, urbis gladio quoque, Custos
 Præcedit procures, subque sequuntur eum.
 Hos sequitur phalerata cohors cujuslibet Artis,
 Secta docet sortem quæque tenere suam.
 Hic argentarius, hic piscarius, secus illum
 Mercibus hic deditus, venditor atque meri.
 Hic apothecarius, pistor, pictor, lathomusque,
 Hic cultellarius, tonsor, et armifaber.
 Hic carpentarius, scissor, sartor, ibi sutor,
 Hic pelliparius, fulloque, mango, faber.
 Hic sunt artifices, ibi carnifices, ibi tector,
 Hic lorinarius, pannariusque simul.
 Ibi vaginator, hic zonarius, ibi textor,
 Hic candelarius, cerarius pariter,
 Hic pandoxator, ibi streparius, ibi junctor,
 Est ibi pomilio, sic anigerulus hic.
 A. super .r. gratis stat in Artibus hic numeratis,
 * * * * *
 Hic cirotecarius, bursistaque, caupo, coquusque :
 Ars patet ex secta singula quæque sua.
 Cerneret has turmas quisquis, puto non dubitaret
 Cernere se formas ordinis angelici.
 Tam valido solet auxilio, qui martius exstat,
 Prælia suffultus nulla timere pugil.
 Quælibet ut proprias est Ars sortita phalangas,
 Mille quatuor stadiis omne repletur iter.

Hic occurrunt cives Regi.

Psallite nunc cives, Regi nunc psallite vestro,
En ! Rex vester adest, psallite quod sapit hic.
Rege propinquante comites glomerantur heriles,
Ha mihi ! quam pulcrum cernere credis eos.
Dum niveo resideret equo, se quique retractant,
Ut pateat populo Rex pius ipse suo.
Vernula quam facies fulvis redimita capillis,
Comptaque sub serto præradiante coma !
Fulget et ex auro vestis sua rubra colore,
Quæ tenet interius membra venusta nimis.
Iste velut Troylus, vel ut Absolon ipse decorus,
Captivat sensum respicientis eum.
Non opus est omnem Regis describere formam,
Regibus in cunctis non habet ille parem.
Larga decoris ei si plus natura dedisset,
Clauderet hunc thalamis invida forte Venus.
Sistit ut in medias super arva repleta catervas,
Nobilibus regni cingitur, ut decuit.
Nec procul est conjunx Regina suis comitata,
Anna sibi nomen, re sit et Anna precor !
Pulchra quidem puleris stat circumcincta puellis,
Vincit Amazonibus Troja novella sub hiis.
Sternitur ex gemmis nitidis sparsim sua vestis,
Ad caput a planta nil nisi gemma patet.
Nulla deest adamas, carbunculus, atque herillus,
Qui lapis est pretii, sternitur inde caput.
Quod nitet in fronte nitida, radiatque per aures,
Verberat obtutum, ne foret inde satur.

Hic reddit se Civitas domino Regi.

Aurea Rex dum frena trahit, et sistere cogit
Dextrarium, procures mox populusque silent.
Accessit propius Custos, secumque togati,
Claves læva manus, dextra tenet gladium.
Ad se converso puncto mucronis ad instar
Tristis captivi, sic sua verba refert:
“ En ! Rex, cujus ut est nimium metuenda potestas,
Sic et amanda nimis, nec reverenda minus.
En ! humiles cives, vestris pedibus provoluti,
Reddunt se vobis, et sua cuncta simul.
Clavibus hiis gladioque renunciat urbs modo sponte,
Vestree voluntati prompta subesse venit.
Hoc rogat assidue lacrimis madefacta deintus,
Mitis ut in cameram Rex velit ire suam.
Non laceret, non dilaniet pulcherrima regni
Mœnia, nam sua sunt, quicquid et exstat in hiis.
Non oderit thalamum sponsus quem semper amavit,
Nulla subest causa cur minuatur amor.”
Sumit ad hæc gladium, claves quoque Londoniarum
Rex, cito militibus tradit utrosque suis.
“ Acceptamus,” ait, “ tam vos, quam reddere vestrum,
Et placet ornatus exhibitus mihi nunc.
Sed quid in urbe mea geritur modo tendo videre,
Si scierit Regem gens mea nosse suum.”

Hic veniunt cives ad Reginam.

Transit et interea Custos comitatus eisdem
Sex quater, et sistunt regia terga retro.

Reginam propius veniunt humili quoque vultu
Valde precantur eam, spondet et ipsa bonum.
Corde favet, sed valde dolet, quia Regis in iram
Urbs tam clara ruit, “ spes tamen exstat,” ait.

Hic tendit Rex cum tota cohorte versus urbem.

Hiis velut est dictum gestis, properatur ad urbem ;
Ars Artem sequitur, est prior ultima nunc.
Ut valor est Artis retinet loca digna valori,
Gaudet honore suo quælibet atque gradu.
Nigris, purpureis, albis, fulvis, bene tinctis,
Viridibus, rubris, puniceisque togis,
Ac bipartitis sunt vestibus atque phalangis
Artes distinctæ, quod decet artifices.
Illa prius, hæc posterius Ars tendit ad urbem,
Vix exercitui sufficebat iter ;
Turba premit turbam, jacet hic, ruit hic, cadit iste,
* * * * *

Musica nulla tacet, cantus, strepitus, neque clangor,
Altaque concussit æthera dulce melos.
Dumque chori fratrum psallunt, Regemque salutant,
Incipit amplecti mox venerando cruces.
Basia dat crucibus, imitatur eum sua conjunx,
Et rogat ut regnum servat uterque Deus.

De pluvia quæ tunc accidit.

Tunc respirare cæpit tristis prius aura,
Tempestas etenim turbinis ante fuit.
Sic pluebat quod tristis erat, tunc sexus uterque
Turbari metuens turbine tam valido.

Ast Notus ut distat, lenisque Favonius astat,
Aura serena micat, urbs modo nil trepidat.

De venia data exuli in Southwerk.

Strata foras urbem, qua pulcra suburbia restant,
Hæc Opus Australe dicitur, est etenim.
Obviat hic Regi vir in exilium modo missus,
Arboreamque crucem fert homicida reus.
Pronus ut ante pedes jacuit prostratus equinos,
Flens rogitat veniam, Rex sibi donat eam.
Sicque pium miseri miseret solitum misereri,
Gratia quam tribuat, restituatur ei.

Hic fuit Regina coronata.

Aurea Reginæ super erigitur caput Annæ
Pulcra corona, parum non valet illa putes.
Mirificum opus hoc lapidum radiosa venustas
Ditat, et eximiam efficit illa lucem.
Grata fuit facies vario redimita monili,
Cultus enim patriæ pulcrius ornat eam.

Hic præsentat Civitas Regi duos dextrarios per Custodem.

Pontis ut usque pedem propiat Rex, stant ibi cives,
Dextrariiue duo, inclita dona nimis.
Purpura cum bisso tegit hos partita caballos,
Cæsar honorifice supra sederet eos.
Hos ducit ad Regem Custos deputatus in urbe,
Urbis et ex parte talia verba refert:
“ Rex pie, Rex prudens, Rex pacifice, dominator,
Nil nisi pax petitur vestra, rogamus eam.

En ligios vestros lætos foris intus ovantes !
Gaudia magna nimis hiis tulit ista dies.
Quod ducitis dignum thalamum jam visere vestrum,
Quas valet urbs grates, tota referre cupit.
Sed quia quicquid habet nimis parvum dare Regi,
Hos tamen optat equos vestra manus capiat.
Dantur in hoc signum, quod se reddunt modo cives,
Corpora, divitias, pergama quæque sua.
In vestris manibus sit eorum vitæque morsque,
Et regat ad libitum regia virga suos.”
Rex contentus ad hæc, “ Et nos,” ait, “ ista placent
Munera suscipimus, iraque nostra cadit.
Concedimus pacem genti quæ restat in urbe,
Plebs mea nunc erit hæc, Rex et ero sibi nunc.”
Hæc ut ait vultu solido satis atque sereno,
Lætificat mæstos vox ea mille viros.

Hic presentant Reginæ palefridem.

Ordine consimili conjunx ubi regia pausat
Pergitur, et Custos taliter inquit ei :
“ O generosaque nobilis imperatoria proles,
Stipite nata quidem magnifici generis.
Vos Deus elegit ad sceptræ Britannica digne,
Imperii consors estis et apta fore.
Flectere regales poterit Regina rigores,
Mitis ut in gentem Rex velit esse suam.
Mollit amore virum mulier, Deus huic dedit illam ;
Tendat ad hoc vester, o pia, dulcis amor.
Læta cupit faciem plebs hæc modo cernere vestram,
In qua consistunt et salus et sua spes.

En ! presentat equum, vobis licet hoc minus æquo
Extiterit donum, corde tamen hilari.
Est nam qui teneros vestros leniter ferat artus,
Ambulat, et nunquam cespitat in phaleris :
Partiti tegitur equus hic ex veste coloris
Purpurei bissi, sic fuerant reliqui.
Accipiat domina, modicum licet hoc modo munus,
Supplicat instanter integra nostra cohors.”
Suscipit jam datum grates referendo benignas,
Spondet et auxilium quod valet illa suum.
Voce licet tenui loqueretur, et ut muliebri,
Grata tamen facies urbis amica fuit.

Hic progreditur Rex cum tota cohorte versus Chepe.

Taliter hiis gestis gaudenter itur in urbem,
Turba premit turbam, sic iter artat eam.
Venit ut ad portam pontis Regina, patenter
Sors bona prodigium mox dedit, ecce ! novum.
Namque sequuntur eam currus duo cum dominabus ;
Rexerat hos Phaeton, unus enim cecidit.
Femina feminea sua dum sic femina nudat,
Vix poterat risum plebs retinere suum.
Casus et iste placet, veniat, rogo, quod mihi signat,
Corruat ut luxus et malus omnis amor.
Pergitur hinc, rutilant, fulgent, splendentque plateæ,
Omnibus in vicis plauditur et canitur.
Spectantur pulcræ dum spectant ista puellæ ;
Nulla fenestra fuit, has nisi quæ tenuit.
Virgineas facies qui cerneret urbis in alto,
Quod pecus est ymo sperneret ut nihilum.

Quippe satis lento passu transitur in urbe,
Concursu populi præpediente viam.
At ubi perventum medium fuit urbis et usque
Introitum vici (dicitur ille Forum),
Quales texturæ picturarumque figuræ
Qualis et ornatus scribere quis poterit?
Nempe videtur ibi de summis usque deorsum
Nil nisi divitiæ, vultus et angelici.

Quomodo aquæductus det vinum, et de ornatu ejus.

Stillat aquæductus Bacchum, nec adest ibi Thetis,
Rubra dat iste liquor pocula mille viris.
Hujus et in tecto steterat cœlicus ordo,
Qui canit angelicos arte juvante melos.
Densa velut folia seu flores sic volat aurum,
Undique virginea discutiente manu.

De turri mirabili in medio Chepe.

Itur abhinc mediam dum Rex venit usque plateam,
Cernit ibi castrum, stat, stupet hinc nimium.
Pendula per funes est fabrica totaque turris,
Ætheris et medium vendicat illa locum.
Stant et in hac turri juvenis formosaque virgo,
Hic velut angelus est, hæc coronata fuit.
Cerneret has facies quisquis, puto, non dubitaret
Nil fore sub cœlo quod sibi plus placeat.
Rex Reginaque tunc astant bene discutientes
Quid velit hæc turris alta, vel hii juvenes.
Descendunt ab ea juvenis simul ipsaque virgo,
Nulla fuit scala, nec patuere gradus.

Nubibus inclusi veniunt, et in æthere pendunt,
Quo tamen ingenio nescio, crede mihi.
Iste tenet ciphum, geminas gerit illa coronas,
Hæc nitidis gemmis, plenus et iste mero.
Hæc rutilante novo fabricata quidem satis auro
Singula, testatur fulgida materies.
Materiam superavit opus, patet hoc et in artis
Et simul artificis subtilitate novo.
Optulit ergo suas Custodi virgo coronas,
Quas in utraque manu sic eloquendo tenet :

Hic offert Custos coronas Regi et Reginæ.

“ Rex,” ait, “ illustris, Reginaque nobilis, ambos
Custodiat semper vos Deus incolumes !
Qui dat terreni vobis dyademata regni,
Regna perhennia cœlestia donet item.
Cernite jam plebem vestram quam læta salutat
Vos, et honorare gliscit, ut ipsa valet.
Nititur ex studio sensum quoque quod habet omne,
Pendere nunc vobis intime quod placeat ;
Mittit et hinc, binas vobis referendo coronas,
Innumeras grates, si capiatas eas.
Non decet hoc alios donum, rogitat tamen ipsa,
Sumat ut hoc placite vestra benigna manus.”
Contentantur ad hæc tam Rex quam regia conjux,
Subridendo parum sumit uterque datum.
Ridet et ad vinum roseum quod ridet in auro,
Quodque propinat ei portitor angelicus.
Spem tulit ex ridente gena tunc plebs, utriusque
Obsequiis animos se quietasse suos.

Invisis gradibus simul angelus ipsaque virgo
Nubibus inclusi mox loca prima petunt.

De ornatu secundi aquæductus ad portam Pauli.

Usque monasterium Pauli cito tunc properatur,
Cujus et ante fores mira patet species.
Trino thronus ibi circumdatus undique giro
Angelici prefert ordinis effigiem.
Angelisque choris sic virginei sociantur,
Psallentes pariter quisque canore suo.
Sicque micat facies juvenum tam in hiis quam in illis,
Fiat ut extaticus intime respiciens.
Nam puerilis ætas juvenum sexus utriusque
Extat ut est major sedibus inferior.
Supra sedebat eos juvenis, quasi sit Deus ipse,
Lux radiosa sibi solis ad instar inest.
Flammigerum vultum gerit hic, niveas quoque vestes,
Supra hierarchias cœlicas ille sedet.
Organa pulsat ibi, mentem rapit hæc melodia,
Vocibus angelicis dum canit ille chorus.
Hinc decor, hinc dulcor oculos recreatur et aures,
Singula cernentes obstupere simul.
Quot putas hic musas, quot et instrumenta canora,
Quam quoque multimodum hic genus organicum ?
Fistula, cistula, tibia, timpana, cum monacordo,
Organa, psalteria, cimbala, cumque lira.
Zambuca, citharæ, situlæque, tubæque, viellæ,
Buccina cum nablis, symphonicisque choris.
Singula scripturo deerit mihi sensus et hora,
Plurima namque mihi sustulit ipse stupor.

Hic intravit Rex monasterium sancti Pauli, equis relictis.

Rex Reginaque mox post hæc pedites adierunt
Sacra monasterii tunc visitare loca.
Occurrunt pariter primas et episcopus urbis,
Obviat et clerus illius ecclesiæ.
Concomitatur eos in cultu pontificali,
Ad Erkenwaldi sancta sepulcra simul.
Quippe Deo precibus sanctoque datis venerato,
Concito scandit equum, qui fuit ante pedes.
Est plus adhuc, transitur abhinc, in Lud quoque porta
Consimilis cultus stat, similisque nitor.
Ad Fluvii pontem nimium bene culta refulgent
Agmina spirituum, hii quoque dulce canunt.
Hii dant incensum, hii psallunt, hii quoque salutant,
Floribus hii sternunt singula subter eos.

De deserto et Johanne Baptista ad Barram Templi.

Ast ubi perventum fuit ad Barram cito Templi,
Silva super portæ tecta locata fuit.
Hæc quasi desertum tenuit genus omne ferarum,
Mixtum reptilibus, vermibus, et variis.
Sunt ibi spineta, sunt dum, suntque rubeta,
Fraxinus et corulus, quercus et alta pirus.
Prunus, acer, populus, populus quoque, tilia, fagus,
Ulmus, lentiscus, palma, salix tremulus.
Hic lupus, hic leo, pardus, et ursus, et hic monacornus,
Hic elephas, castor, simia, tigris, aper.
Hic onager, cervus celer, hic panteraque, dama,
Hic vulpes fætens, taxus, ibique lepus.

Currunt, discurrunt, pugnant, mordent, saliantque,

Ut solet ad vastum bestia sæva nemus.

Astitit hiis medius sanctus Baptista Johannes,

Indicat hic digito, agnus et ecce Dei!

Inspicit attente Rex hunc, quia quem notat iste,

Illius ut meminit mitior inde fuit.

Nam quia devotus colit hunc constanter, eidem

Præ reliquis sanctis porrigit ipse preces.

Hujus ad intuitum, si quid sibi manserat iræ,

Exstitit exstinctum protinus usque nihil.

Hic datur Regi et Reginae duæ tabulæ pretiosæ cum ymaginibus.

Angelus a tecto descendens mox satis alto,

Splendida dona nimis fert in utraque manu.

Sunt etenim tabulæ sacris altaribus aptæ,

Quas nequit inspiciens immemor esse Dei.

Inde crucifixi Christi stat sculpta figura,

Discipuli flentis, matris et extaticæ.

Sculpitur hic et uterque latro velut in cruce pendens;

Ut Deus est passus, tota patet series.

Quod minus extat in hiis, quod vilius hoc fuit aurum,

Multimodis gemmis pingitur istud opus.

Non fuerant visæ tabulæ prius orbis in amplo,

Quæ deceant velut hæc tam bene sceptrigeram.

Sumit ab angelicis manibus tabulas modo dictas

Custos, sicque sua publice verba refert.

De verbis Custodis ad Regem in dando tabulas.

“Salve, pater populi, Rex, Dux, Princeps, modo salve,

Salvet et omnipotens vos Deus, alma salus!

Quam fuit hæc præclara dies hiis civibus, in qua
Constituit Regem vos Deus esse suum!
Prole patrissante Ricardi, quod fuit ante
Nomen, adhuc repetit quicquid honoris erat.
Regibus ergo probis patribusque bonis bona proles
Successura fuit, sors dedit ut decuit.
Nobilitas generis, virtus proba, formaque pulcra,
Gratia, prosperitas, ingeniumque sagax.
Quæque decent Regem persona simul capit una,
Una procul dubio non nisi vestra scio.
Sed super hæc pietas, compassio veraque cordis,
Dignificans animum, vos probat esse probum.
Spes etenim populi potior fit, et ad pietatem
Qua datur hiis venia, Regis et ira cadit.
Significant satis hoc tabulæ, quas cernitis, istæ,
Quas Regi pia plebs optulit ecce pio.
Orat ut inspiciat has Rex cum tangitur ira,
Mortis et ut Christi mox vellet esse memor.
Parcat et ignaris, veluti Rex cælicus ille
Hostibus indulgens semper inultus erat.
Principis est, potuisse suas extendere vires
In tantum externos quos oderit populos.
Rex et apum caret omnis acu, tamen extat eo plus
Sponte timendus ab hiis quos ferit ipse nihil.
Sumat et hinc vestra manus hoc modicum modo munus,
In signum pacis quam rogat hic populus."

Hic tetigit Rex tabulas aureas sibi datas.

Extendendo manum Rex tunc sacra munera tangens,
"Pax," ait, "huic urbi, civibus atque meis.

Intuitu Christi, matrisque suæ generosæ,
Baptistæque Johannis mihi præcipui.
Necnon sanctorum quorum modo cerno figuras,
Sponte remitto meæ crimina cuncta plebis.
Sed veniatis," ait, "ad nostra palatia cuncti,
Plenus enim finis, pax quoque fiet ibi."

Hic dantur tabule dominæ Reginæ, ejusdem figuræ.

Rex transit, Regina venit, conformia Custos
Munera presentans, intulit ista sibi :
" Inclita Cesareo soboles propagata parente,
Quam decor et forma nobilitant nimium.
Matris Christiferæ nomen sortita Mariæ,
Quod titulis Anna gratia sonat idem.
Non decet hunc titulum vacuum fore, num gerit illum
Gratia quæ populis nunc valet esse suis.
Vos ideo meminisse decet, pia dux dominarum,
Sanguinis et generis, nominis et proprii.
Grata loqui pro gente sua Regina valebit,
Quod vir non audet, sola potest mulier.
Hester ut Assueri trepidans stetit ante tribunal,
Irritat dicta quæ prius ipse tulit.
Nec dubium quin ob hoc vos Omnipotens dedit hujus
Participem regni, sitis ut Hester ei.
Propterea petit urbs vestrum prostrata benignum
Auxilium, in quo plus habet ipsa spei.
Donat et has vobis tabulas altaribus aptas,
Ut stent ante Deum, vos tamen ante virum.
Cernitis has quociens, tociens meminisse velitis
Urbis, et efficere Rex sit amicus ei."

Illa refert grates nimias pro munere tanto :

“ In me, si quid erit, perficietur,” ait.

Hic progreditur Rex versus Westmonasterium, et cives sequuntur.

Itur abhine, cunctis equitantibus ordine pulcro,

Westque Monasterium, Rege jubente, petunt.

Quis fuit ornatus, Aulæ quis cultus ibidem,

Scribere difficile, nec rescrare leve.

Nam ea textrili fuit arte domus cooperta,

Jam prius insolita, quod stupet intuitus.

Summa tenet summi thronus Regis loea scamni,

Aurea tegmina quem splendida sola tegunt.

Sceptryger hoc nitidum scandit Rex ecce ! tribunal,

Circumstant proceres, moxque silere jubent.

Quomodo Regina corruit ante Regem pro civibus.

Ingreditur Regina suis comitata puellis,

Pronaque regales corruit ante pedes.

Erigitur, mandante viro, “ Quid,” ait, “ petis Anna,

Exprime, de votis expedire tuis.”

Supplicatio Regine pro eisdem civibus.

“ Dulcis,” ait, “ mi Rex, mihi vir, mihi vis, mihi vita,

Dulcis amor, sine quo vivere fit mihi mors.

Regibus in cunctis similem quis possidet urbem,

Quæ velut hæc hodie magnificaret eum ?

Quis cultus ! quis honor ! qui sumptus ! munera quanta

Sunt impensa modo, Rex venerande, tibi !

Nos quoque mortales, et ut hii velut umbra caduci,

Simus in hiis mortis absit ut immemores.

Quo majorem sumit honorem quisquis, eo plus
Est humilis et erit, si sapiens fuerit.
Hinc, mi Rex, mi dulcis amor, memor esse velitis,
Supplico prostrata, quid modo contigerit.
Tempora post Bruti Regumque peraeta priorum,
Quamvis et Arthurus annumeretur eis,
Non fuerat cuiquam Regi datus hic morituro
Tantus honor quantum contulit ista dies.
Major enim si facta foret reverentia Regi,
Tangeret injuria publica forte Deum.
Hinc super hos cives, super urbem sic reverentem
Tam vos quam vestros, intime condoleo ;
Et rogo constanter per eum quem fertis amorem
Ad me, condignum si quid amore gero,
Parcere dignemini plebibus, qui tanta dedere
Munera tam prompte nobis ad obsequia.
Et placeat veteri nunc urbem reddere juri,
Ac libertates restituuisse suas."

Responsio domini Regis ad Reginam.

"Sumo placenter," ait tunc Rex, "carissima conjux,
Quæque petita modo, nec nego quod rogitas.
Consessura mecum scandas dulcissima thronum,
Namque loquar populo paucula verba meo."
Sedibus ut teneros Regina sedens locat artus,
Rege loquente, duces, plebs quoque tota silet.

Hic alloquitur Rex cives, et reddit libertates.

"Vos," ait, "o cives, vos regia gens specialis,
Nostri quos aliis plus refovere patres.

Vobis in hoc regno nullos fore liberiores
Constat, et extollit vos favor hic nimium.
Propter opes nimias, magnos quoque propter honores,
Degenerasse potest urbs mea forte modo.
Nunc ubi sunt justæ leges, ubi rectaque jura,
Quo timor in dominos, quo modo fugit amor ?
Quo bona nunc pietas, inopum protectio grata,
Quo socialis amor omnis abhinc periit ?
Quippe potest tantæ fieri modo causa ruinæ,
Quæ generat fastum tam bona prosperitas.
Quod ego si scirem, sciat urbs hæc, nam bene sciret,
Urbibus in reliquis non foret ista prior.
Antiquus tamen ille favor, quem pristina Regum
Approbat auctoritas, non minuetur adhuc.
Sentit enim vestrum mea mens per signa timorem,
Vos quoque spero per hoc ad meliora trahi.
Sumptus enim video vestros, data munera penso,
Conjugis atque meæ pondero valde preces.
Vos ideoque cavete deinceps principis iras,
Contemptu procures non habetote meos.
Antiquam servate fidem, nova dogmata semper
Spernite, quæ veteres non didicere patres.
Ecclesiam quoque catholicam defendite totam,
Non habet illa gradum, quin colat ipse Deum.
Judicibus vestris insit timor Omnipotentis
Pauperis in causam, fraus mala ne veniat.
Sic et in urbe mea bona pax, contentio nulla,
Nec conventiculum fœderis insoliti.
Si nostras etenim rumor penetraverit aures,
Obvius hiis monitis, urbs luet, haud dubium.

Sed modo suscipite claves, gladium quoque vestrum,
Legibus antiquis hanc regitote plebem.
Antea quod licuit, liceat modo, dum tamen æquum
Extiterit, solitum non variando modum.
Præmineat Major electus, qui regat urbem,
Regis et ut solito suppleat ille vices.
Vos quoque felices dulci jam pace potiti,
Pergite gaudentes ad loca quisque sua.”

*Congratulatio civium pro restitutione libertatum, et recessus
eorum.*

Gaudet ad hæc turba, prostrata ruit, jacet humo,
Acclamat laudes vocibus altisonis.
“ Vivat Rex ! vivat semper ! vivat ! bene vivat !
Longa sit in regno sospite vita suo !
Sint sibi felices anni, mensesque, diesque,
Floreat et victis hostibus ipse suis ! ”
Dumque strepunt abeunt, redeunt, Regem benedicunt ;
Exitus est operi terminus iste rei.

NOTES.

P. 7, l. 14.—*Hurlewaynis Kynne.* The only other instance of this word that I have observed in early English poetry, occurs in the prologue to the Tale of Beryn, printed at the end of Urry's Chaucer.

“As Hurlewaynes meyne in every hegg that rapes.”

Hurlewaynes meyné, is the *Maisnie Hellequin* of old French popular superstition, in Latin *familia Harlequini*. The name is spelt in different ways, Hellequin, Herlequin, Henequin, &c. The legend was, that Charles the Fifth of France, and his men, who fell all in a great battle, were condemned for their crimes to wander over the world on horseback, constantly employed in fighting battles. Some derived the name from that of the Emperor, Charles quint, Charlequin, Herlequin, Hellequin. Of course this derivation is wrong, and the legend a fabrication of later date, to explain it. See Grimm's *Mythologie*, p. 527; Le Roux de Lincy's *Livre des Legendes*, p. 148—150, 240—245; and Michel's *Benoît*, vol. ii. p. 336, where in a note is given a most extraordinary story about them. See also Paulin Paris's *Catalogue of the French Manuscripts of the Bibliothèque du Roi*, vol. i. p. 322—325.

P. 8, l. 18.—The *Eagte* is evidently Henry Duke of Lancaster, who soon after ascended the throne as Henry IV. He seems to have been characterised in popular songs, sometimes as a heron, at others as a falcon, &c.

P. 11, l. 27.—The MS. has *had costis*, which seems rightly corrected by the later hand into *and costis*.

P. 12, l. 4.—*The Good Greyhound.* The greyhound was the cognizance of the Beauforts, but it is not very clear to whom it here alludes. Perhaps it may refer to John Beaufort, Marquis of Dorset, who was one of the accusers of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester.

P. 12, l. 27.—*A leyne uppon other*, I suppose means *one laid upon another*.

P. 13, l. 13, 14, 15, 25, 28.—There are concealed puns in the words *bushes*, *green*, *schroff* and *schroup*, and *bag*. Sir John Bushy was one of Richard's creatures, and was speaker of the House of Commons in the packed Parliament which condemned the Earl of Arundel. Sir Henry Green and Sir William Bagot were also two of the King's counsellors, and in the songs of the time they are satirized under the titles of *the green* and *the bag*, as the former is under that of *the bush*. The 15th line alludes perhaps to the Lord Treasurer, William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, who was beheaded with Bushy and Green at Bristol soon after Henry's arrival in England. The *busches* are again alluded to in *p. 17, l. 12*, and the *grene* in *p. 18, l. 9*.

P. 15, l. 8.—These two legends of the deer and the partridge were very popular during the middle ages, and are found in the early Bestiaries. The ordinary Latin Bestiarius, composed at an early period, and of which so many manuscripts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are found in our Libraries, gives the following notice of the deer. (MS. Reg. 12. c.xix.)

“*De cervo.* Dicuntur etiam nongentos vivere annos, atque cum infirmitate vel senectute deficere senserint, spiritu narium serpentes de cavernis suis extrahunt, et superata eorum perniciæ veneni pabulo reparantur.”

Philip de Thaurin, in his Bestiarius written in the reign of

Henry I. (MS. Cotton, Nero, A. v. fol. 52 v^o.) gives us the following imperfect version of the story.

Li cers ad itel nature, si cum dit escripture,
 Qu'il vait fosse querant u serpent sait gisant;
 Quant trued ad serpent, en sa buche eve prent,
 Si l'ad verset dedenz, puis fait sufllemez;
 Tant i sufle et alaine, fors le trait à grant peine,
 Li cerf est curucez, puis l'ocist od ses pez.

Of the habits of the Partridge, we find the following notice in the Latin Bestiary, (fol. 53, r^o.)—

“ *De perdice.* Physiologus dicit satis astutum esse perdicem, quia aliena ova diripit. . . . Adeo autem fraudulenta, ut alterius perdis ova diripiens foveat. Sed fraus fructum non habet. Nam pulli, cum vocem propriæ genetricis audierunt, naturali quodam instinctu hanc quæ eos fovit relinquunt, et ad eam quæ eos genuit revertuntur.” Philip de Thaun (fol. 66, v^o.) gives us the following version of the story.

Perdix de oisel est nun, e pur ceo ad tel nun,
 Que pert sa nureture, oez en quel mesure.
 Perdix altre deceit, quant altrui os vait,
 Se ele pot si's emblerat, en sun ni les metrat,
 Lores les cuverat, e tant les nurirat,
 Que il porrent ben manger, voler e os purchacer
 Se dunc oent lur pere u la voiz de la mere,
 Par le voiz entendrent que de lur linage sunt,
 Ices deguerpirent, ki nuriz les averent,
 Pur ceo melz valt nature, que ne fait nureture
 E ceo en sun escrit Jeremias nus dit,
 La perdix crierat, e si assemblerat,
 Ceo que altre cuvat, ki pur fol se tendrat.

P. 15, l. 21—24.—*The colt—the horse—the swan—the bear.* The *Horse* was Richard Fitz-Alan, tenth Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded in the 21st year of the King's reign: his cognizance was a horse. The *Colt* was his son, Thomas Fitz-Alan, who came with the Duke of Lancaster, and was restored to the earldom in the first year of the following reign. The *Swan* was Thomas Duke of Gloucester, who had been treacherously seized at Pleshy, and carried to Calais, where he was murdered. The *Bear* was Thomas de Beauchamp, fourth Earl of Warwick, banished by Richard II. to the Isle of Man, but restored to his honours by Henry IV.; a bear was the cognizance of the Beauchamp family.

Gower, in his *Chronica Tripartita*, a Latin Poem in leonine hexameters on the deposition of Richard II., constantly speaks of this triumvirate by the names of the swan, the horse, and the bear, and gives the following explanation in the argument or title of the first book (MS. Cotton. Tiberius A. iv. fol. 152, r^o.) “Tres namque tunc regni nobiles super hoc specialius moti, scilicet, Thomas Dux Gloverniæ, qui vulgaritur dictus est *cignus*, Ricardus Comes Arundellie, qui dicitur *Equus*, Thomas Comes de Warwyk, cujus nomen *Ursus*.”

P. 18, l. 2, the Beere. The Earl of Warwick, who had been banished to the Isle of Man, was now set at liberty by the Duke of Lancaster.

P. 18, l. 13.—*They mouside the marchall* (who) *cloped the Stede.* Thomas de Mowbray Earl Marshal, and afterwards created Duke of Norfolk, was concerned in the condemnation and execution of the Earl of Arundel, (his father-in-law,) of whose estates he obtained a grant.

P. 19, l. 23.—*Lidford Law*, was proverbial for its summary execution. The passage of our poem affords us the earliest allusion to it which I have yet met with. Fuller gives the proverb thus—

“ First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lidford Law.”

Lidford is a town in Devonshire, and the proverb is supposed to have arisen from the severe and summary proceedings of the Stannary court which was held there. A facetious ballad on this town, attributed to W. Browne, is printed in the *Topographer* (vol. ii. p. 380), beginning,

“ I oft have heard of Lydford Law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.”

P. 24, l. 11, we should read, “ That Wisdom.” The second hand has written in the margin, opposite this line, “ Nota, nota, nota ! ”

P. 27, l. 17.—*As Marche and Moubray*. Roger Mortimer fourth Earl of March, who was committed in ward to the Earl of Arundel. John de Mowbray and Thomas de Mowbray both succeeded to the title while in their minority in this reign.

P. 28, l. 12.—This was the compliant Parliament of 21 Ric. II., which betrayed the rights and liberties of the country into the hands of the King and his favourites. The account of the elections, and of the behaviour of the Parliament when assembled, is one of the most curious parts of our poem.

P. 29, l. 5, *awgrim*, or *algrim*, (*algorithmus*) the ordinary name for arithmetic in the middle ages, derived from the Arabs. In the same manuscript from which this poem is printed, there is preserved a curious English treatise on the “ craft of Algrim,” which begins with a derivation of the name that would be worthy of the days of our most famous dictionary-makers.

“ Al maner of thyngs that prosedeth fro the first begynning,
thoru reson of nowmbre thei where fformed, and riȝth as thei

ar so to be knowyn, and ther-ffor in knowyng of universall things the art of nounbring is profitable. But ffirst it is to knowe what is the name off the art of nounbring, and what nounbre is, and how many spisis [species] ther are of nounbre. The name of this craft is in Latyn *Algorsimus*, and in Englis *Algrim*; and it is namid off *Algos*, that is to say, craft, and *rismus*, that is, nounbre, and ffor this skille it is called craft of nounbringe. Or it is named off *en*, that is, in, and *gogos*, that is, ledyng, and *rismus*, that is nounbre, as to say, ledynge in to nounbre. Or it is named after the Philozophure that ffirst contrevyd it, wos name was *Algus*." etc.

P. 32. The displeasure of the King against the Londoners arose from a refusal on their part to lend him a thousand pounds, and their having carried their opposition so far as to beat a Lombard who offered to lend it. The King imprisoned the mayor and the chief men of the city, took away the charters, and gave the government of London to a knight appointed by himself. The King was pacified by means of the Duke of Gloucester. Stow, in his Annals, gives the following account of the King's reception in the Capital, which forms the subject of the poem of Richard de Maidston.

"The King therefore as he came from Shine (Sheen) in Surrey to London, with Queene Anne his wife, on the 29 of August, the principall citizens all in one livery to the number of 400 horsemen rode to meete them at Wandsworth, where in most lowly wise they submitted themselves unto his grace, beseeching him of his speciall pardon, in all such things, as they before had offended him, and the Recorder of the Citie, in the name of the whole Citizens, instantly required him, that he would of his great bounty take such paine upon him as to ride through his Chamber of London, to the which request he graciously consented, so he held on his journey til he came to

S. Georges Church in Southwarke, where they were received with procession of Robert Braybroke, Bishop of London, and all the Clergie of the Citie, who conveyed them through London, the Citizens of London, men, women, and children, in order meeting the King at London Bridge, where he was by them presented with two faire white steedes, trapped in cloth of golde, parted of red and white, hanged full of silver belles, the which present he thankfully received, and after he held on his way through the Citie toward Westminster.

“And as they passed the Citie the streetes were hanged with cloth of golde, silver, and silke. The conduite in Chepe ran with red and white wine, and by a childe angel-like he was presented with a very costly crowne of golde, and the Queene with another. A table of the Trinitie in golde was given to the King, valued worth eight hundred pound, and another to the Queene of S. Anne, because her name was Anne, with divers other gifts, as horses, trappers, plate of gold and silver, clothes of gold, silke, velvets, basons and ewers of golde, also golde in coyne, precious stones, and jewels, so rich, excellent, and beautilfull, that the value and price might not wel be esteemed, and so the Citizens recovered their ancient custome and liberties. . . . And it was graunted to them that they might choose them a Maior as before time they had done.” The King, however, made them pay ten thousand pounds, for, as the Chronicle observes, it was all a matter of money.

P. 41, l. 4.—*Forum*, i. e. *Chepe* (the Market), the name which the street has preserved up to the present time.

P. 44, l. 21.—*Pepulus*, or *pepula*, the black thorn, or Sloe-tree. The next word is written in the MS *populos*.

P. 50, l. 21.—The *nova dogmata* were the doctrines of the Wickliffites, now springing up.

GLOSSARY.

a-bated, 30, 4; *lowered*.
a-bouet, 29, 21; 30, 4.
a-forse, 28, 4; *by necessity*.

azeins, *against*.
alegeaunce, *allegiance*.
als, *as*.
amarride, 2, 1; *marred*.
amyddis, 1, 3; *amidst*.
amys, *amiss*.
and, 3, 5; *if*.
anewe, *renew*.
apeire, 3, 29; *impair*.
arere, *back*.
aschonne, *to shun, avoid*.
awgrym, 29, 5; *arithmetic*.
axe, *to ask*.

ballid, 29, 22; *bald*.
banere, 10, 18; *banner*.
bated, 13, 23.
bawtid, 8, 22.
be, *by*.
behote, bihote, *promised*.
belde, 2, 2; *to bring help*.
bene, *bean*.
bente, 29, 25.
be-nyme, 3, 22; *to take from*.

berde, *beard*.
berdles, *beardless*.
berlingis, *young bears*.
berne, 4, 12, *man, lad*.
besely, *busily*.
besieth, *busieth*.
beste, *beast*.
beu (beau), *fair*.
billis, *bills*.
bliernyed, 13, 25.
blythid, *blithed, made joyful*.
boldid, *emboldened*.
boren, *bore (pl)*.
borowe, *borough*.
boru, *borrow*.

borugh, *borough, town*.
bosse, 18, 6.
boun, 24, 23; *ready*.
boynard, 13, 25; boynardis, 8, 5.
braste, *burst*.
bred, brid, *bird*; bryddis, *birds*.
brede, *breadth*.
bremme, 27, 4, *proud*.
bremme, 11, 1; 12, 21; *proud, lofty, swaggering*. The later hand has invariably changed this word to *bryme*.

breris, *briars*.
brodid, *spread*.
brome, 15, 14; *broom*.
broud, 18, 2.
browet, 10, 3.
burgeis, *burgesses*.
burnes, *barons, fellows*.
burnesse, *baronage, nobility*.
busshid, 9, 21; *busked (?)*
busshinge, *busking (?)*
but, 10, 23; 17, 4; *unless*.

caringe, *taking care*.
caris, *cares*.
carpinge, *conversing*.
cautel, *craft*. (In the MS. it is so explained by the later hand.)
y-charchid, *charged*.
chaunchyth, *change*.
cheff, *chief*.
chekonys, *chickens*.
cherichen, *cherish*.
cherliche, *dearly*.
chese, *choose*.
chesse, *chose*.
cheynes, *chains*.
chele, *cold*.
clepen, clepe, *to call, part,*

cleped, 1, 4; *clepid*, 17, 7; y-clepid, 25, 6.
cloped, *clipped*.
coile, 21, 19; *choose*.
colis, 28, 6.
colys, *coats*.
comsith, 21, 9; comsid, 28, 17, *to begin, commence*.
comynliche, *commonly*.
contre, *country*.
corette, *to correct*.
costened, *cost*.
costis, *regions*.
costis, *costs, expense*.
cotis, *coats*.
coude, 18, 14; *knew*.
cougioun, 16, 11.
couzthe, 3, 5; *knew how*.
countis, *accounts*.
coveitise, *covetousness*.
cowde, *could*.
coyffes, 25, 20; *coifs*.
crasid, 4, 21; 6, 24; *crushed (?)*
creaunce, *credit*.
crokk, 10, 4; *the pitcher*.
culorum, 3, 28; 29, 13.

daggess, 21, 12; *slips, shreds*.
daies, 24, 1; *dais (?)*
dawis, *days*.
dede, *did*.
dees, 5, 2; *dice (?)*
dell, *part*.
demen, deme, *to judge, hence doom*.
demer, *judge*.
derid, *hurt, harmed*.
derklich, *darkly*.
derne, *secret*.
deyntis, 24, 4; *dainties*.
dignesse, *worthiness*.
discryve, 5, 7; *describe*.

do, 8, 1; *done*.
 Dogonys, 26, 20.
 domes, *judgments*.
 domes cart, 19, 15; *hang-*
man's cart.
 y-dountid, *feared*.
 douzeth, *feareth*.
 dradde, *dreaded*.
 drawte, *draught*.
 drede, *dread*.
 dyme, 27, 25; *a tenth*.
 dyntis, *dints, blows*.

eeris, *ears*.
 elde, *old age*.
 elderne, 6, 19; *older*.
 eliche, 6, 20; *alike*.
 ellis, *else*.
 er, *before*.
 ese, 9, 28; *ease*.
 eye, 8, 18; *dread, fear*.
 eyere, 13, 6; *overseer* (?)
 eylid, 9, 28; *ailed*.
 eyne, *eyes*.
 eyren, 16, 16; *eggs*.

falle, *fallen*.
 faukyn, *falcon*.
 fautis, *faults*.
 feblen, *become weak*.
 feedryn, *fedris*, 13, 8; 9;
feathers.
 feet, *fetchd*.
 fele, *feel*.
 felle, *many*.
 felle, *skin*.
 felliche, *cruelly*.
 fer, *far*.
 fere, *mate, companion*.
 fers, *fierce*.
 ferde, *far'd, went*.
 ferkyd, 17, 27; *hastened*.
 y - fleyned, *fained, pre-*
tended.
 ffryth, *frith*.
 fode, *child, man*.
 foddid, *bred up*.
 foltheed, 8, 16.
 folwyd, 10, 13; *failed,*
deserted.
 folwyn, *follow*.
 fongen, *take* (pl.)

foodis, *children, lads*.
 foole, *fowls*.
 forckis, 8, 3; *gallows*.
 fordid, 3, 6; apparently
 an error for *fondid*,
 tried.
 fordoth, *undo, destroy,*
debase.
 formed, *informed*.
 forweyned, *weaned badly,*
corrupted in the wean-
ing.
 foulȳd, 13, 18; *fowled*.
 foyne, 19, 28; *pole-cat*.
 frelle, *frail*.
 freted, 12, 18; *eaten*.
 frist, *first*.
 furris, *furs*.
 fyndyth, 29, 3; *support,*
keep.

ȝaf, *gave*.
 ȝatis, *gates*.
 gayes, 11, 15. The later
 hand corrects it to days,
 but the alliteration
 shows it to be right.
 ȝe, *ye*.
 ȝere, *year*. (pl. ȝeris.)
 gery, 19, 8.
 gestis, *decds*.
 ȝeve, *to give*.
 ȝevynge, *giving*.
 gie, *gye*, 2, 27; 24, 12;
to guide, govern. The
 verb, as well as the
 noun, occurs in the ro-
 mance of Alexander.
 See *gioure*, below.
 ȝif, *if*.
 gioure, 2, 14; *a guider,*
governor.
 ȝiste, 11, 17.
 glade, 2, 25; *to take com-*
fort.
 gode, *good*.
 gomes, 13, 14; *men*.
 ȝoure, *your*; ȝouris,
yours.
 gost, *spirit, mind*.
 grame, 2, 26; *to be angry*.
 y-grave, *engraved*.

grennes, 14, 19. The later
 hand explains the word
 by *greyhounds*.
 grett, *great*.
 grevis, *griefs, grievances*.
 grott, 2, 20; *a goat*, (pl.
 grotus, 17, 19.)
 grucchen, 2, 20; *to grudge*.
 grucching, 23, 4;
grudging.
 gylours, *beguilers, de-*
ceivers.
 gyside, 20, 7; *to lie*.
 gyuleris, *guilers*.

hales, 22, 8; *tents*.
 hau, *have*, pl.
 hansell, 30, 14.
 haras, 15, 22; *stud of*
colts.
 harnesse, 5, 10; *armour*.
 hassellis, 9, 7.
 hauteesse, *highness, great-*
ness.
 hauntelere, 12, 19; *ant-*
lered, or better deer.
 hayle schouris, 5, 10;
hail-showers.
 heed, *head*.
 y-heedyd, *headed*.
 heere, *hair*.
 heeris, 18, 8; *heirs* (?)
 heipeth, 16, 8; *crowdeth* (?)
 heires, 16, 8; *eggs* (?)
 hele, *health, prosperity*.
 hende, *gentle*.
 hente, *to take*.
 herborowe, *harbour*.
 here, *their*.
 herne, *corner*.
 hertis, *harts*.
 hette, *command*.
 hetith, 16, 8; *warmeth* (?)
 heyer, 17, 11.
 hille, 25, 26.
 hirte, *hurt*.
 ho, *who*.
 hobbis, 7, 14; *clowns* (?)
 holtes, *woods*.
 honde, 3, 9; *hondis*, 19,
 16; *hand*.
 hoole, *whole*.

- hornes, 19, 18.
 y-hotte, *bidden*.
 hovyn, 13, 7; *to hover*;
 hoved, 14, 7; *hovered*.
 huc, 16, 16.
 hurle, 15, 22; *jostle*.
 hy, *high*; *hieste, highest*.
 hyly, *highly*.

 ich, *each*.
 ichonne, *each one, every one*.

 jaces, 19, 8.
 jette, 20, 7.
 jewis, 26, 10.

 kareyne, *carrion*.
 karis, *cares*.
 kayseceris, *Cæsars, emperors, lords, rulers*.
 kevere, *discover*.
 kew kaw, 24, 28.
 kunne (1), *I know*.
 kunnyng, *knowledge*.
 kuyttis, *kites*.
 kynde, *nature*.
 kynne, *family, kindred*.
 kynne, *nature, kind*; what
 kynnes conceyll, 9, 1,
 council of what kind.

 lacchide, *blamed*.
 ladde, *led*.
 ladde, *lads, people*.
 lafte, *left*.
 lauhte, 13, 20; y-lauhte,
 14, 4; 26, 6; *caught*.
 leddyn, *lead*.
 lede, *people*.
 leder, *leader*.
 leef, 4, 17; *dear, what one ought to be delighted in*.
 leef, *a leaf*.
 leesinge, 20, 6.
 lele, *loyal*.
 lelly, *loyally*.
 leme, 13, 17; *brightness (?)*.
 lendys, *loins*.
 lenger, *longer*.
 leodis, 2, 11; *people, lads*.

 lese, 12, 5; *leash*.
 lette, *omit*.
 lette, *to hinder*; letted,
 hindered.
 leve, *believe*.
 leve, *live*.
 leved, 16, 25; *they lived (?)*.
 levere, *leverey, leverez, livery*.
 leveste, *most willingly, the rather*.
 levyd, *believed*.
 levyng, *living*.
 lewde, *unlearned, the laity*.
 lewte, *loyalty*.
 leyne, 12, 27; *laid*.
 liage, 2, 10; *liege*.
 lite, *little*.
 lobby, 14, 1.
 loggen, *lodge*.
 loke, *to look*.
 y-loke, *locked*.
 londe, *land, earth*.
 lonyd, 25, 10.
 lore, *doctrine*.
 lorell, *a vile person*.
 Chaucer, in Boethius,
 translates *perditissimum quemque* by *every lorell*.
 lustus, *lusts*.
 lusty, *pleasant*.
 lyfflode, *livelihood*.
 lyghtlich, *lightly*.
 lykyng, *pleasure*.
 lymmes, *limbs*.
 y-lyste, 4, 17; *listed, taken*.

 maddid, 6, 17; 12, 23;
 maddened.
 mafflid, 29, 15.
 mals, 2, 6.
 mede, *meed, reward*.
 mellid, *mixed*.
 mene, *household (maisonie, Fr.)*.
 merke, *mark*.
 messe, 1, 1, *mass*.
 mcuyc, 2, 17; *move (?)*.
 mevinge, *mooving (iche*
 mevinge fote, every move of the foot.)
 niche, *nuch*.
 mo, *more*.
 molde, *earth*.
 moppis, 24, 5; *fools*.
 mouside, 18, 13.
 mowe, *may*.
 mowtyng, *molting*.
 y-mummyd, 26, 7.
 mwse, 5, 5; *muse*.
 myzth, *might*.
 myzthen, *they might*.
 mynged, 7, 27; *meddled, mixed*, (perhaps it may
 an error for *mynded*).
 mystir-menn, 26, 5.
 nadde (*contracted from ne hadde*) *had not*.
 nas (ne was), *was not*.
 ne, *nor, not*.
 neft, 6, 5.
 nempne, *to name*. nemp-
 ned, *said, told, named*.
 nere, *nearer*.
 newed, *renewed*.
 neweth, 3, 23; *annoy (pl.)*.
 nolde (ne wolde), *would not*.
 nolle, 5, 16; 4, 12; *head*.
 non, *no*.
 not, 16, 12.
 nother, *nor*.
 noyed, *annoyed, injured*.
 noyes, 3, 23; *annoyances*.
 ny, *nigh, near*.
 nyeth, *approaches*.
 nyhed, *approached*.
 nys (ne is), *is not*.
 nysete, *nicety*.
 nyst (ne wyst), *knew not*.

 oilles, 21, 5.
 oo, *one*.
 ony, *any*.
 onys, *once*.
 or, *before*.
 oute, 3, 3; *ought*.

 panne, *scull, head*.
 panteris, 14, 18; *nets*.
 paragals, 6, 25; *peers, companions*.

parceit, 2, 2; *perception*.
 parle, *speak*.
 patthis, *paths*.
 peere, 3, 29; *a pear*.
 pees, *peace*.
 pens-lac, 19, 20; *lack of pence, or money*.
 perlis of prise, *valuable pearls*.
 perte, 30, 11; *party* (?)
 persith, *pierces*.
 pesinge, *piecing*.
 pete, *pity*.
 peynte, *painted*.
 pillynge, *robbing*.
 pipoudris, 25, 19; *courts of pipouders* were held at fairs, markets, &c. for the speedy judging of offences, or disputes, arising there. See Spelman's Glossary, in v. *Pedis pulverisati Curia*.
 pirith, *peeps*.
 pletid, *pleaded*.
 plewme, 13, 24; *plume*.
 pleyne, *complain*.
 plomayle, 9, 14; *feathers*.
 plytis, *pleats*.
 pol, *head*.
 poure, *to pore*.
 pray, *prey*.
 precyth, 16, 13; *presseth*.
 preiere, *prayer*.
 preifis, 2, 2; *proofs, experience*.
 preise, *praise*.
 preve, *to prove*.
 preysing, 5, 1.
 prien, *to pry*.
 prophete, *profit*.
 propurtis, *properties*.
 pulter, 13, 26.
 purraile, 13, 26; *the common people, the poor*.
 pyynynd, 13, 26; *tormented, pained* (?)
 y-pynned, 13, 9; *penned*.
 queme, 20, 24; *to please*.
 rabeyn, 13, 20.

rafte, 4, 19; *deprived, taken away*.
 rapely, 1, 13; *hastily*.
 rascaile, 12, 10, 20; *the lower orders*.
 ray, *array, garb*.
 reales, *royals, (regales)*.
 rial, 26, 10; *royal, (regalis)*.
 realte, *royalty*.
 reccheles, *reckless*.
 recchith, *they reck, care*.
 reclayme, 14, 13; *brought back*; as a hawk in falconry.
 rede, *counsel*.
 redeles, 4, 14; *counselless, who follows no good advice*.
 rede, 3, 10; *to read*.
 redely, *readily*.
 reden, *rode* (pl.)
 reede, *counsel*.
 renke, 9, 13; *man*.
 rentis, *takes*.
 renne, *to run*.
 reot, *riot*.
 repreff, *reproof*.
 reremys, 24, 1; *rere-mice, bats*.
 resceyte, 11, 19; *receipt*.
 reweth, *rue* (imperat.)
 rewis, 3, 10; *rows, lines*.
 rewme, *realm*.
 rewthe, *ruth*.
 reyne-bowe, *rainbow*.
 riall, *royal*.
 rigge, *back*.
 rijtyn (rijten), 1, 13; *to right*.
 risen, *to rise*. (*pret. rosse*, 1, 13.)
 rith, *right*.
 roff, *roof*.
 rotus, *roots*.
 roun, 8, 14; *cry, speak, murmur*.
 routus, 4, 29; *routs*.
 ryff, 8, 14; *rife, frequent*.
 saff, *safe*.
 saff, *save, except*.

sallere, *salary, wages*.
 savery, 3, 11; *smell* (?)
 sawis, 1, 8; *sayings*.
 schenshepe, *destruction, ruin*.
 schoppe, 22, 20; *chop* (?)
 schore, *score*.
 schrapid, *scraped*.
 schrevys, *sheriffs*.
 schrewe, *shrew*.
 schrewed, *cursed*.
 schroff, 13, 15.
 schroup, 13, 15.
 scorte, 21, 13. By the later hand explained by *score*.
 se, *see*.
 secheth, *seeketh*.
 seie, 24, 22; *seen*.
 seimtis, 19, 12.
 sekirly, *surely*.
 selcouthe, *wonderful, strange*.
 selde, *seldom*.
 sellynge, 27, 21; *sealing*.
 semble, 30, 8; *assembly*.
 sembled, 2, 4; *assembled*.
 served, 14, 16; *deserved*.
 servid, 9, 10; 29, 11; *deserved*.
 shente, *ruined, destroyed, spilt*.
 sibbe, *relationship*.
 side, 22, 10; *wide* (?)
 sijth, *sight*.
 sir, *a lord*, pl. *siris, lords*.
 skathed, *injured*.
 skylle, 11, 26; *cause*.
 slaveyn, 22, 26; *a kind of mantle*.
 sleeves, *sleeves*.
 solas, 5, 12; *solace*.
 soleyne, *sullen*.
 sonde, 2, 20; *a send, the thing sent*.
 sondis, *messages*.
 sorwed, *sorrowed, lamented*.
 sothe, *truth, sooth*.
 sourden (*pret. sourdid*, 1, 5); *to spring, proceed*.
 sovereynes, 22, 14; *pro-*

rosts, or mayors, see Sir F. Madden's Glossary to William and the Werwolf.

sowid, 11, 23. The later hand explains it by *shewed*.

sowkid, 27, 19; *sucked, drunk in*.

stable, *to become firm*.

stabilthe, *becomes firm*.

statt, *state*.

stered, *stirred*.

stonyed, *astonished*.

strake, *stroke*.

stric, *to destroy*.

stronte, 21, 8; *to rant* (?)

stronters, 23, 28; *ranters* (?)

strountunge, 18, 29; 19, 12; 20, 25; *ranting* (?)

stroyeth, *destroyeth*.

styffe, *to become strong*.

stynted, *stopped, ended*.

suget, *subject*.

sum, *some*.

swiche, *such*.

swythe, *quickly*.

tabre, *a tabour, a small drum*.

tent, 11, 13; 18; *entent*.

tenyd, *injured, hurt*.

the, *thee*.

ther, *there, where*.

tho, *they*.

tho, *then*.

thoru, *through*.

throff, *throve*.

thynthith, 19, 2; *thinketh*

tiliers, *husbandmen*.

to, *too*.

tolled, *collected*.

traylid, 6, 1.

trefte, 6, 1.

tresour, *treasure*.

triacle, 13, 12; *remedy, medicine*.

trien, 11, 6; *to try*.

tristi, *trusty*.

tristith, *trust* (imperat.)

trusse, 22, 18; *truss, pack off*.

tweyne, *two, twain*.

twynte, 17, 18; *a jot*. In the prologue to the tale of Beryn, Urry's Chaucer, p. 598, we have

"So he that payd for all in feer had not a *twynt*."

tymed, 17, 18.

usyn, *they use*.

uttere, *further out*.

venym, *poison*.

wacche, *watch*.

waite, 3, 1; 7, 6; *to think on, consider, watch* (part. waytid, 3, 18.)

walmed, 18, 22.

waltrid, 14, 20; *weltred*.

walwed, *wallowed*.

wardis,—to him-wardis, *towards him*.

ware, *aware, careful against*.

warie, *warne*.

wattis, 29, 1.

wayve, *to remove* (their fears).

wecchis, 27, 3.

wedde, *to gage, bet*.

weddis, 25, 9; *pledges, forfeits* (?)

wede, *raiment*.

welden, 29, 4; welldith, 24, 26; *to possess, enjoy*.

welle, *weal, prosperity*.

weneth, *thinketh*.

werche, *to work*.

weren, *were* (pl.)

werre, *war*.

werren, werre, *to make war*; (pret. werrid, 1, 10.)

wesshe, *washed*.

wexe, *grew*.

whare, *wares*.

whedir, *whether*.

whore, 12, 19; *were*.

wilne, *to will* (?)

winneth, *gains*.

wissen, 2, 16; *to teach*.

witt, wit, *wisdom*; (pl. wittis,) 2, 1.

witterly, *certainly, truly*.

wo, *woe*.

woll wo, *very woeful*.

wone, *a dwelling*.

woneth, *dwelleth*.

wonne, *to dwell*.

wost, 2, 12; *knew*.

woves, 14, 11; *waves*? or qu. *wones*?

y-worewid, 17, 9; *worried*.

wrake, *wrong*, more properly *vengeance*.

wrath[e], *to make angry*.

writte, 2, 16; *a writing*.

written, 2, 16; *to write*; (part. write, 4, 2.)

wronge, *wrongs*, pl. 1, 13.

wroute, *wrought*.

wrye, *go aside*.

wullus, *wools*.

wuste, *knew*.

wy, (A. S. wig.) 24, 17; 26; *man*.

wyght, *man, person*.

wyle, *while*.

wylis, *wiles*.

wyteth, *know*.

wyttyn, *to know*.

yeme, 7, 13; *guide or rule*.

yerne, *desire*.

ynne, *in*.

ynned, 19, 13; *lodged*.

ynow, *enough*.

youghe, *youth*.

yvell, *evil*.

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